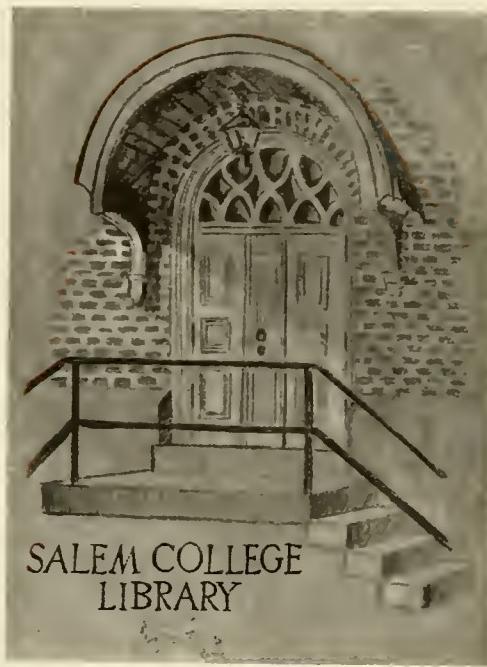


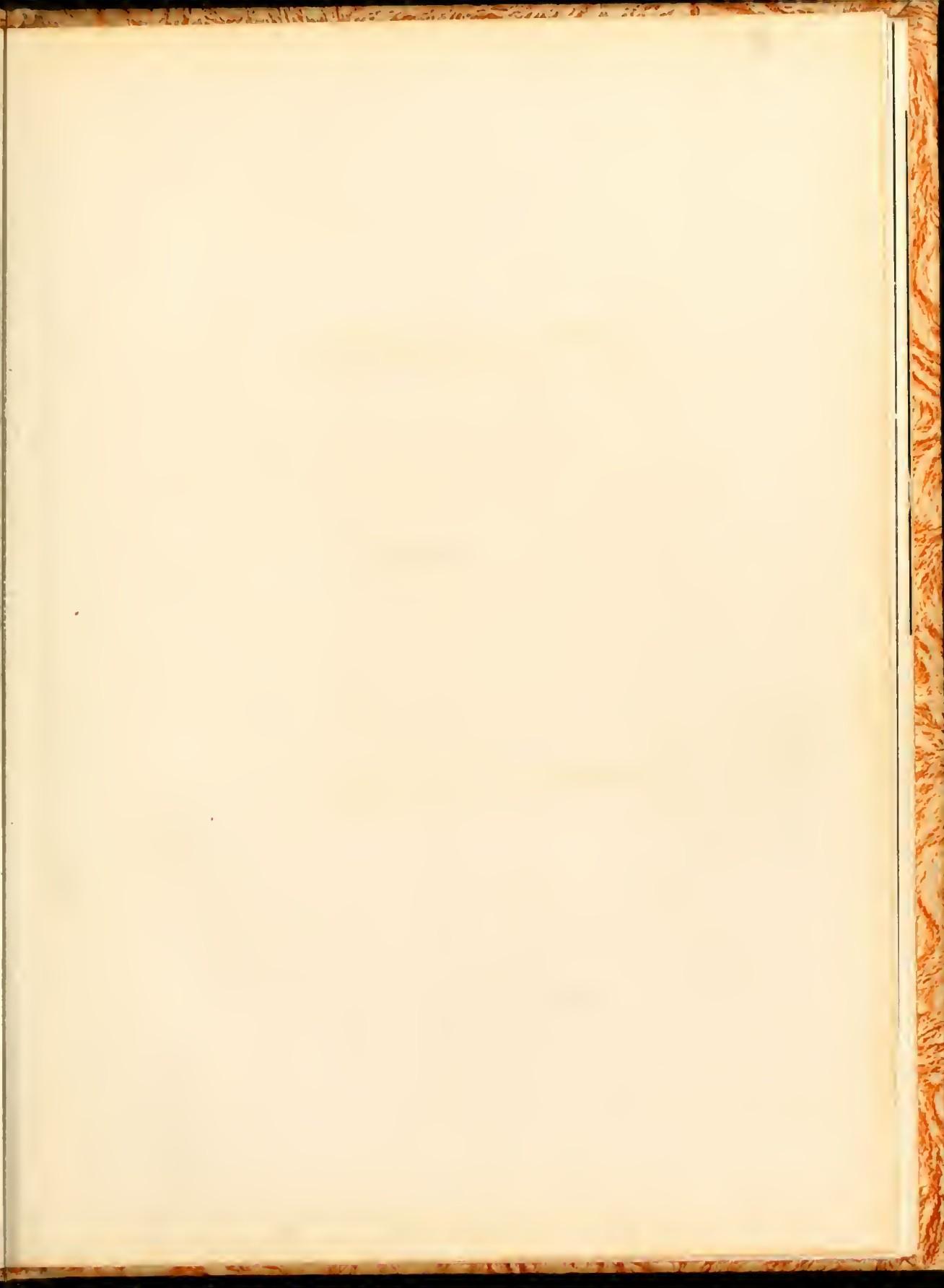
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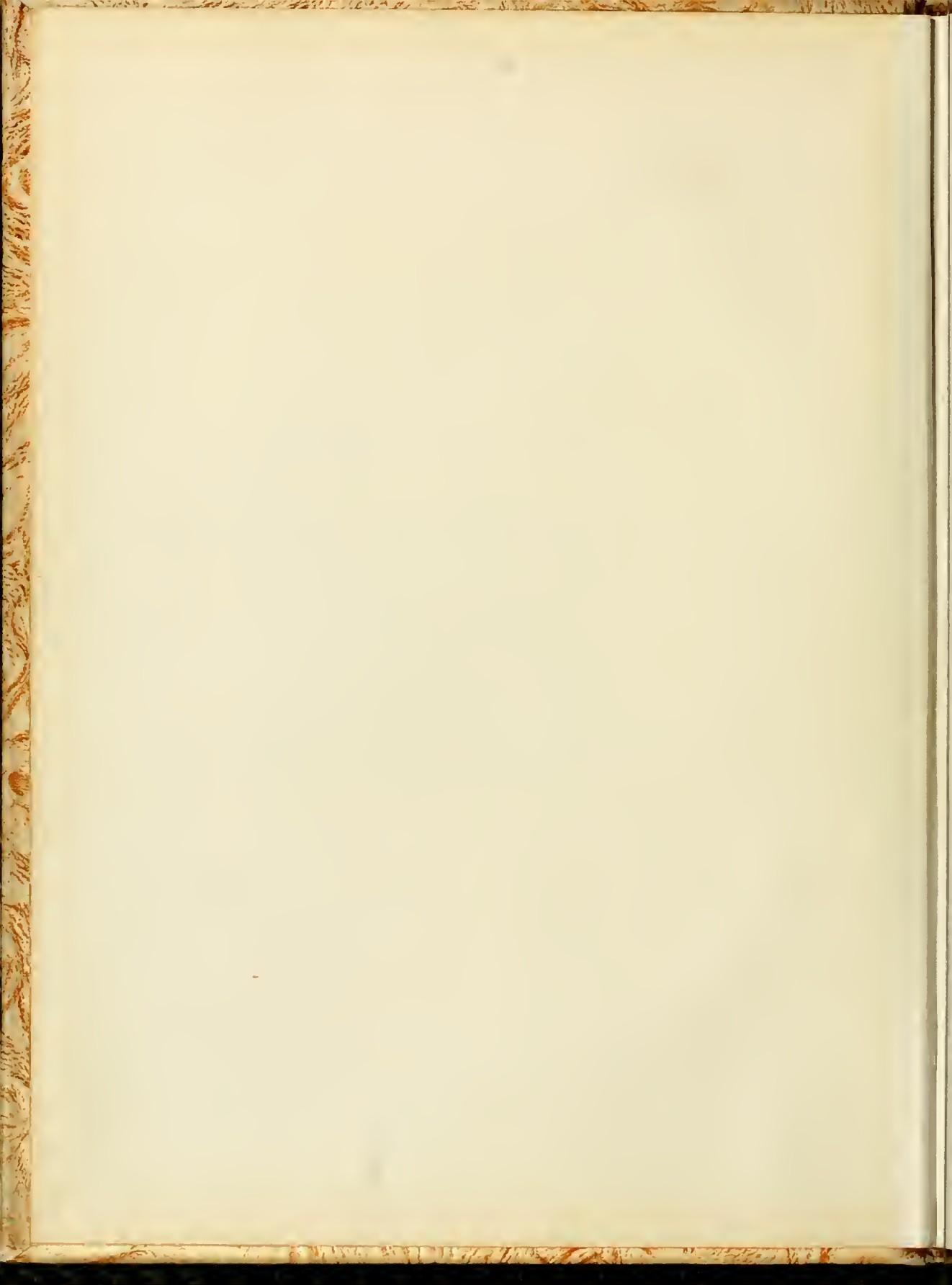


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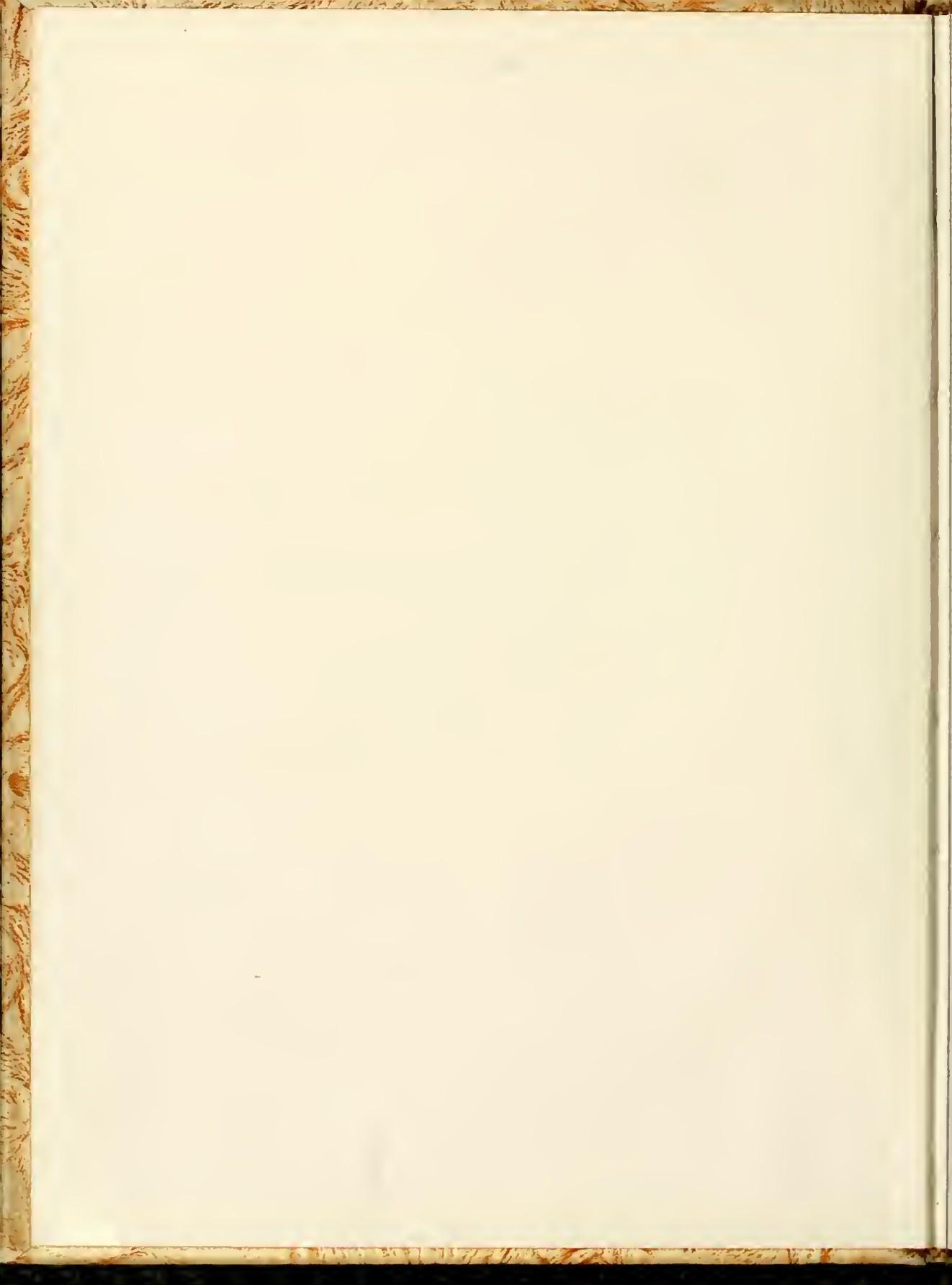


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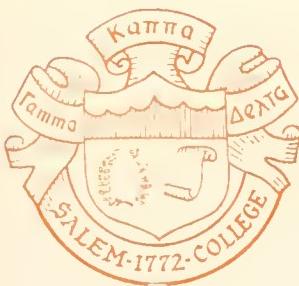








Before we begin
the 1953 SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS . . .



v o l u m e 4 i

the fifty-first edition was edited by JEAN DAVENPORT. ELSIE MACON was the associate editor and JEANNE HARRISON was the business manager. Engravings were made by JAHN AND OLLIER, Chicago, with printing by EDWARDS & BROUGHTON, Raleigh.



Some Sights



and Insights

Into Life at **SALEM COLLEGE**

WINSTON-SALEM • NORTH CAROLINA



Our Example of a Perfect Lady

When we leave Salem, it will be hard for any of us to forget Miss Covington, the little white-haired lady who wears the attractive shoes. We will remember her for many things. For the way she stops us on the street to say, "Your ears should really be burning with all the nice things I heard about you yesterday."

Her love of shoes and of people endear her to us. For her soft "hello" and smile as we meet her in the hall. For her amusing anecdotes in marriage class, and for her explanations of those mysterious things called stocks and bonds. We will remember her for her honesty and for her trust placed in us; for her sense of humor and for her hospitality.

For all these things Miss Covington will be remembered, but most of all, for her example to us of a perfect lady. Because she is dear to us, we, the Seniors of nineteen hundred and fifty-three, dedicate the fifty-first edition of SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS to Miss Evabelle Covington.

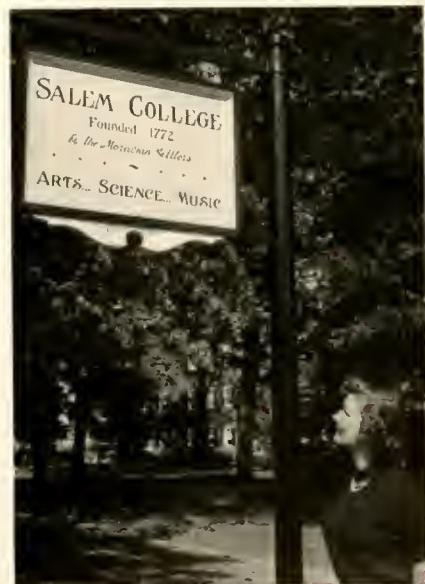
This Is Our Heritage

Here is Salem College, loved by those of us who live here and respected by those who know her. As we pursue our studies and social activities here within her time-honored buildings, we see around us the work of hardened pioneer hands.

Let us stop a while and examine Salem's past which so influences our present, as well as our future. Let us catch the atmosphere of those pioneer days long past. Try to visualize the vast uncultivated forest lands of early America. For it is here that Salem College began. At first it was little more than an idea, but because of the vision and courage of a few Moravian pioneers, this idea became a reality.

Now in nineteen hundred and fifty-three, SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS records the history of Salem College. It is our hope that no one will forget her heritage, for Salem stands as a living memorial to the courage and perseverance of those who have come before us.

*We pay tribute to those
who have come before us.*



... "Something new has been added,"
said Joy. And there are two of them. . . .

In seventeen hundred and seventy-two, one hundred and eighty-one years ago, and before the founding of our Republic, the village of Salem was settled. Soon after the land was cleared of forest, a school for the daughters of the Moravian settlers was begun. It wasn't long before little girls in the village were excused from their household duties in order to attend the new day school.

Naturally, a school where young girls could learn housekeeping attracted widespread attention in those early days. When requests began to come from other communities that the school be opened to their daughters, the first principal was appointed. In 1804 the school was first referred to as the "Boarding School for Female Education." New buildings were built as girls began to come here from all over the South.

With the arrival of new students, who were any age from eight to twelve, great interest was apparent in the **New scholars arrived in town accompanied by fathers.** community. The new scholar would arrive in a coach or sometimes on horseback accompanied by her father or brother. The side-saddle room where the saddles were stored until time to return home can still be seen today in the Alumnae House.

Unlike the freedom enjoyed by us today at Salem, the pupils



. . . Girls! What are you doing out on the streets in public?

were placed in companies of twenty. Over each were two Tutoresses who were always available for comfort or counsel. The students were assigned alcoves in the common dormitory where they lived until time to return home after their education was completed.

How astonished a nineteenth century Salem girl would be if she could see us at Salem today. Now there are two Salems, an academy and a college, each with its own campus. Numerous dormitories and other buildings have been added, and sunny dorm rooms replaced alcoves to house us. Comfortable recreation rooms are available instead of prim dating parlors, and chaperones are no longer needed for trips off campus limits.

Salem has changed. But she has changed within the bounds of tradition. The new buildings still have the early American architecture with red tile roofs, "eyebrow" windows, and white-hooded doorways. The wrought iron rails, May Dell and its spring, Sisters' dormitory, and the clock on the Moravian Church all contribute to the strength of Salem's tradition. And the emphasis here has always been the same; it is on each of us, as individual girls. The continuing aim has been that we prepare ourselves for a gracious but responsible life.

Dating parlors are replaced with gay recreation rooms.

. . . What a silly question, Mother. Of course there will be plenty of space in my room for chairs. . . .





Meet Our President

Big words describe little men; little words describe big men. Dr. Dale H. Gramley is, in one short word, "Ours."

"Ours" because we want him to be forever our speaker in chapel. To be always analyzing us and helping us form our philosophies of life. To be constantly explaining the world situation and its complications to us and making us look up hopefully to gain help from the same Good Father in which he confides. To be forever making us laugh at the things we consider to be "big oak trees" in our lives today by showing us that tomorrow they will be just "little acorns."

He is "ours" even though he is occasionally "other's," too. We're often envious of the times committees and meetings take him away from us. But the Alumnae also want to call him "ours" and the N. C. Federation of Church-Related Colleges also wants to call him "our president."

But he is always basically "ours." We know; we can tell.

We can tell by the way he stops us on Salem Square and asks us what's news from home, discusses the presidential political campaign with more understanding than the candidates themselves, writes little verses or speeches that make us laugh or think, gives the *Salemite* a boost with ideas he learned while once an editor of a large newspaper, smokes cigarettes with us, understands us when we load him with our problems, and waves at us as he passes our classroom window.

He is also "ours" during Christmas holidays and summer vacation. We know because we hear from him. At Christmas time comes the card, our favorite one, that we read over and over and that wishes us so many things for one little card. And in the summer he writes us about all our favorite people. He writes about the faculty—"Mr. Campbell is busy building another house—Dr. Welch is with the *Lost Colony* again this summer—Mrs. Heidbreder is touring Ocracoke."

And he never neglects to tell us about "our" Salem, its summer activities, its new paint jobs, how much Stevie misses us, and how "the church clock still strikes every quarter hour. . . . How does all this strike you?"

Yes, we can tell that he is "ours." And we are glad.

*Which shall it be? a big
oak tree or a little acorn?*





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“To Live in Hearts We Leave Behind Is Not to Die”

Mrs. Howard E. Rondthaler, the friend of Salem College students, was a wonderfully versatile person. Her calm quiet faith and interest in others endeared her to all who knew her. Of all the groups whose lives were touched by hers, Salem students were perhaps the beneficiaries in a larger degree than any others.

Miss Mary Jones, another friend of Salem Students, will long be remembered for her cheerful and unselfish service to Salem. A member of the Music School faculty for thirty years, she possessed a brightness of spirit, a wealth of kindness, and a devotion to her work that will be missed by those of us who knew her here.



*... Aren't electric lights wonderful?
I don't know how we could learn
to sew without them . . .*

In the early days when three girls composed the student body and one teacher the faculty, the curriculum was small but practical. The founders of Salem, the community, and Salem, the Academy, saw that the school would have to prepare its students for a new life in the New World Wilderness or be useless. Therefore, the courses were designed to equip the young ladies for living amid the hardships of log houses, tallow candles, and hand-woven cloth.

Besides reading, writing, and arithmetic; music, drawing, and needlework early appeared in the curriculum. The "select" classes considered themselves greatly favored in being allowed to sit around a table on benches without backs in advanced classes. This was the reward for pursuing extra studies, such as reciting French to the principal at seven o'clock in the morning.

The hardships of log houses determine first curriculum. In the nineteenth century, Annual Examinations prior to Commencement Week were big features. Throngs of relatives arrived to see the exhibitions in the Church galleries. There were paintings, embroidery designs, footstools, and what-nots designed at school. After roll call there were various exercises, musical exhibitions, dialogues, etc., in which groups of girls named parts of flowers or worked algebra on a blackboard.

The compulsory sewing hour known as "plain needlework" was abandoned with joy—at the turn of the century. Courses were added as the needs arose, and a gradual streamlining of the curriculum took place. Today in nineteen hundred and fifty-

. . . In a word, girls, Hume simply says that "When men have had experience enough to observe that, whatever may be the consequence of any single act of justice performed by a single person, yet the whole system of actions concurred in by the whole society is infinitely advantageous to the whole and to every part, it is not long before justice and property take place . . .



three the courses offered us rank with those of the leading women's colleges in the country.

In an era of vocational colleges, Salem affirms the strength of the liberal arts program as the basis of life as an individual and as a contributing member of society. Specialization is reserved for our later years of study, and a wide field is available to us from which to choose.

Some of us come to Salem with many scholastic interests, some with only a few, and some with none. For the first two years we are given an opportunity to take a wide variety of courses and thus be exposed to many fields of study. In our third year here we choose the field we like best and concentrate on it.

But some of us have a fitness for and interest in a profession when we arrive. For us there are available the fields of music, science, home economics, and teaching. And we are aided in our search for our areas of study through a careful testing program and ***We're given an opportunity to learn our own interests.*** thorough counseling and guidance.

We, the Salem girls, often seem to take our privileges for granted. But within each of us is a prayer of thanks to those who help us.

We Learn Outside of Classes

With scientific discoveries being made daily, the Lablings, Salem's own scientists, kept us informed on the latest findings.

Numerous Bowman Gray doctors talked to us informally once a month at the meetings in the science building. Joanne Moody, president, and other club members planned the programs and kept us well fed with refreshments.

We meet some of the Lablings' Bowman Gray friends.

Another project of the lablings was to keep the science bulletin board decorated. We looked in awe at it all year and wondered where the girls could possibly have found such realistic pictures of people's insides.

When Dr. Hubert Alyea came to lecture, the group helped entertain him. We learned at his lecture that the scientist was a man of brains and wit. He startled his audience by spraying carbon dioxide on them in addition to talking learnedly about atomic energy.

Our molders of velvet spend hours ripping and stitching.

While the science devotees were listening to lectures or working on the lower two floors of the science building, the Home Economics girls were busy upstairs. They were making clothes, preparing foods, and slip-covering furniture.

Food, costumes, dances, and fashion shows only started the Home Ec. group on its yearly schedule. With snack-loving dorm friends always around when the food was ready, Martha and her cohorts were the objects of constant but flattering pleas for handouts.

After becoming experts on decorating cakes, flowers, and interiors, the girls then showed their art with the needle. The hours of stitching, ripping out, and stitching again proved that Nettie Rosenstein could profit from our seamstresses' efforts.

These moulders of velvet varied their household duties by sponsoring the Gingham Tavern dances. After weeks of planning, the girls watched with pleasure as the night club atmosphere put the proper touch on one of their most successful projects.

. . . Why, Mr. Campbell. What are you doing with so many girls? . . . If she'd known we were coming, Sara Sue would have baked a cake . . .





The campus artists came down from their attic hide-away to open up the field of art to the rest of us. Leading the Art Club were President Alison Britt, Vice-President Bobbie Kuss, Treasurer Norma Williams, Secretary Carolyn Dobson, and Reporter Sue Harrison.

Despite movie projector failures and worn out reels, we watched in amazement the foreign films illustrating the development of movie producing and acting.

We enjoy foreign films despite usual projector troubles.

Later in the year the art forum delved deep into the principles behind art and kept us buzzing for weeks with ". . . and did you hear what Dr. Singer said to Dr. Lewis?"

In the spring we rummaged around in our roommates' closets and felt our way up Lehman's stairs to the costume room to find something to wear to the Art Club's masquerade ball.

Finally, the Club sponsored an exhibit of their own works for us. Picasso himself would have been proud of the display.

Not only do we have on campus the facilities to enjoy art, but we also have a group which furnishes us musical enjoyment. The Choral Ensemble, headed by Mr. Peterson, gave us music of all types throughout the year. We took the long way back from the Book Store just to hear the afternoon singing sessions.

Programs of Sacred Music were presented at local churches and also out of town. We envied the choral members their voices and also their trips to "anywhere."

During the Christmas season, we heard the Ensemble in chapel and in the Moravian Church. As their fame spread by their appearances at clubs and meetings in Winston-Salem, we were proud of our group.

In the spring all of the members practiced long and hard for the Spring Concert. Mr. Peterson coached for long weeks in advance, and the girls with solo parts sang oftener than usual in the showers. White blouses were diligently washed and ironed, and black skirts were cleaned and brushed. When the Concert was over, the Ensemble as usual had given an expert performance.

. . . Are you sure the picture expresses your emotions? . . . My voice leaps up when I behold Mr. Peterson standing by . . .

With three foreign students on campus to encourage knowledge of international affairs, the International Relations Club began its year's work eagerly.

During Orientation Week, the group showed its international flavor. It entertained us with a combination of native dances and songs competently rendered by Connie Murray, Boots Hudson, and Mrs. Spencer.

When the nation began discussing and fussing about the presidential election, the I.R.C. invited Hoke Norris to discuss the summer political conventions. At the next meeting Miles Smith, a Stevenson supporter, debated with Clyde Randolph, an Eisenhower fan.

Foreign students visit Salem College for panel discussion. The biggest event of the year was the International Day held in the spring. Barbara Allen, as president of the Club, with her other officers—Connie Murray, Virginia Hudson, and Florence Swindell—planned the program. Foreign students from nearby colleges joined us for a panel discussion.

While the nation was pondering international problems, we had our own. With the inevitable advent of practice teaching, the Student Teachers made lesson plans, arose with the sun, and bored non-teachers by eternally relating anecdotes about their students.

Student Teachers make lesson plans and arise with the sun. The professional club on campus, Future Teachers of America, give Juniors and Seniors who were earning teaching certificates a chance to belong to a professional club while still on campus.

Since "misery loves company," the F.T.A. girls enjoyed talking shop about "our children." The practice teachers discussed their experiences with their hellions and gave the Juniors sound advice about the do's and don'ts of the beginning teacher. Local teachers, principals, and foreign students were invited to talk with us about the teaching profession.

Later in the year the practice teachers, under the sponsorship of the F.T.A. and the college, gave a dinner for their critic teachers. Much to their surprise, the practice teachers discovered that they had learned a great deal about teaching and about children.

In the spring, we chose "Miss Student Teacher" from our group here at Salem. She represented us, along with other members, at the state conference in Asheville.

. . . Barbara, are they really going to draft women? . . . And just think, we'll have summers free and every Saturday too . . .





. . . Anne Lowe, Anne Louise Rhyne, Joan Shope, Jean Calhoun, Alice McNeely, Jean Shope, Marilyn Summey, Eleanor McGregor, Emma Sue Larkins, Jane Schoolfield, Marian Lewis, Jane Smith, Jeanne Harrison, Peggy Chears . . .

Contrary to popular thought, Scorpions are not fearful animals, at least not on the Salem campus. The fourteen girls that manage the Order give service to the college by attending to the neglected or overlooked needs of the school. "Service in small things" is their motto, and the greater part of their work is unrecognized. The Order of the Scorpion is not an honorary organization, but rather a group which has shown previous interest in, and a desire to help, Salem. Their ultimate goal is to be a part of the active and growing Salem life, supported by an enthusiastic student body.

***Scorpions are not dreadful
animals to us here at Salem.***

Membership in the Scorpions is limited to fourteen girls from the junior and senior classes. The Senior members are Anne Lowe, Marian Lewis, Eleanor McGregor, Peggy Chears, Emma Sue Larkins, Jane Schoolfield, Jane Smith, Jeanne Harrison, Marilyn Summey, and Anne Louise Rhyne. Scorpions from the junior class are Alice McNeely, Jean Shope, Joan Shope, and Jean Calhoun.

Students Were Recognized

Some of our organizations on campus are bravely honorary instead of active. Although these have no particular functions, they give special recognition to outstanding students.

Most of us have heard the mysterious words "Phi Alpha Theta" murmured by those who seemed to know what it meant. This year the organization is represented for the first time in *SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS*. ***Fraternity is organized at Salem for the first time.***

Salem's first fraternity, Phi Alpha Theta, was organized here last year under the leadership of Mr. Spencer. Salem's chapter of the national fraternity recognizes students and faculty members who have had eighteen hours of history with high averages in all subjects.

Banquets in the fall and spring this year honored new members. They were planned by Jane Smith, president, while Jean Davenport, secretary-treasurer, took care of financial matters.

... front row, Mrs. Heidbreder, Dr. Hixon, Miss Covington, Dr. Smith, lamp . . . back row, Mr. Spencer, Drane Vaughn, Peggie Johnson, Barbara Allen, Jane Smith, Jean Davenport . . .





. . . Florence Spaugh, Marian Lewis, Marilyn Summey, Peggy Chears, Jane Smith, Anne Lowe . . .

Each year Salem's leading Seniors are recognized in *Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities*. They are the ones who have made the most of their college career and who have given the most of themselves to Salem. Qualifications for membership include excellence of scholarship, service to the school, future use to the community, and general citizenship.

This year Marilyn Summey, Marian Lewis, Anne Lowe, Jane Smith, Peggy Chears, and Florence Spaugh were recognized by *Who's Who*.

Who's Who provides recognition to students for good work.

The members have the advantage of a placement service conducted by the publication and used as a reference bureau by business firms, graduate schools, and education boards. *Who's Who* also serves as an incentive for students to get the best results from their college experiences and to provide a means of recognition to students for what they have already achieved.

Membership at Salem is chosen by a faculty committee and the president of Student Government. Students who are selected submit a record of their college career.

Honor Society

Ivy M. Hixon

Edwin A. Sawyer

Charles Gregg Singer

Lueille Vest Scott

Frances Miller Sowers

Margaret Vardell

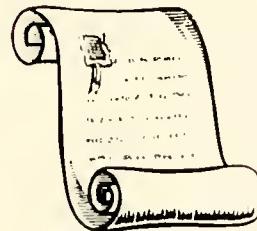
Ruth Derriek

Fay Fuller

Sallie Eugenia Kerner

Eleanor McGregor

Anna Frances Morgan



Anne Simpson

Jane Randolph Smith

Marilyn Summey

Barbara Allen

William Long

Alice McNeely

Anne Robertson Morgan

Lu Long Ogburn

Frankie Ann Strader

Edith Teseh

Mary Lou Whiteheart

We are the Salem girls of 1953. We eat, sleep, study, see movies, date-worry, and generally enjoy whatever we do. But the Salem Girl is not only the girl who attended Salem in 1953. She is also the little girl who came from across the square to learn house-keeping in 1790. She is the young lady who rode in a carriage all the way from Texas in 1820. She is the flapper who "hopped" a train to Salem in 1925.

At Salem long ago, school life was indeed home life.

Salem girl not ready for marriage at sixteen was a disgrace.

When she arrived at school during any time

of the year, the new pupil remained until she was "educated." If she had not finished school and was not ready for marriage by the time

she was sixteen, she was considered terribly retarded.

As soon as she was settled in school, there were constant instructions from parents:

. . . My rule is that no article should be sold them except such as are necessary . . . idleness, carelessness, and extravagance are among the causes of ruin to many families. . . .

I would recommend flannel draw'rs under her other garments, and I will be quite obliged to you, Sir, if you would be so kind as to request her tutoresses to have them made for her.

At the end of the term, there were two weeks free, but most of the pupils remained at Salem. Distances were long, and roads were bad.

The greatest increase in boarders came with the Civil War. Parents felt that their daughters would be safer at Salem than at home, and every day brought new requests. The reply went out



. . . Did you see the hat she wore to church? It was positively scandalous! . . .

There is no more room, but if you will bring beds we will try to board you.

Although the Yankees occupied the region, the routine of school was never interrupted for a single day. Nor did the crowded student body go hungry even when the principal himself had to ride into the hills in search of food.

And the students never stopped coming to Salem. During a gay and impromptu reunion in June of 1886, the Alumnae Association of Salem Female Academy was organized. The first "Alumnae Scholarship Girl" entered in 1897, the same year in which the present title of *Salem Academy and College* was adopted.

For the outdoor girl of the twentieth century, frame-roofed walkways connecting buildings were no longer needed. She was no longer prohibited from talking at meals but was even encouraged to chat. Today talking continues, and the entire student body can often be heard singing "Happy Birthday" at lunch. Sweaters and skirts have replaced farthingales for the Salem Girl, and cigarettes are no longer scandalous.

Yet, the Salem Girl belongs to all times. We represent only one small cross-section of the many who have made Salem their home.

. . . I think I'll have a poodle-cut next time. On second thought I think a horse's tail will look much smarter . . .



We Stood at the Portals . . .

in our caps and gowns for Opening Chapel this year. That first step down the aisle jarred us awake, and we looked around us. Everyone else was standing, and they were watching us. We were Seniors, we marched forward, the organ music swelled, and the year began.

. . . President Faye Lee, Secretary Peggy Chears, Vice-President Drane Vaughn, Treasurer Norma Williams . . .





. . . Theresa Hedrick, Peggy Keel, Betty Jean Smith, "Kappy" Green, Betty Lou Kipe, Myra Dickson . . .

But We Dreamed of June . . .

when plans for marriage would materialize for some of us. We resumed our work, and we caught a glimmer of understanding of its purpose. This was our last year, and we had our visions of the coming summer-marriage, trips abroad, jobs, teaching applications, or just time to relax. We worked, but we looked ahead.



The Freshmen poured in that first Sunday, and we were there to greet them. We were Seniors. We felt a little old and a little proud as we showed them our favorite spots on campus and introduced them to some of the faculty. When we met with our advisees, we were surprised to find that we knew more about the Handbook than we thought we did. And we felt wise.

We elected Faye Lee as our president and Drane Vaughn as vice-president. Peggy Chears struggled with minutes and records, while Norma Williams collected and spent our money.

Many things were new to us, however, and sometimes we made mistakes. No one knew, for example, that we were marching down the aisle in Opening Chapel with our tassels on the wrong side. Then we saw the faculty wearing theirs on the same side.

When Christmas came we were tired, but the festivities meant more than usual to us. We decorated hundreds of beeswax candles in preparation for vespers, and our cold feet warmed our hearts as we sang Christmas carols the night before vacation began.

In the spring Sisters and Bitting bounced with activity. We burned our blue books at Hat Burning and handed over our robes to the Juniors. We crammed for and wept over comprehensives, but surprisingly enough we passed. We gave our graduation recitals as proudly as we would have in Carnegie Hall.

And finally graduation arrived. It wasn't as happy a moment as we had thought it would be. The campus had never looked as green or felt as much like home. We had "our" chair in the library, "our" table in the dining room, "our" practice piano, and "our" room. We thought about the times we had talked to Mr. Snavely in the Book Store, searched for Miss Essie, drunk coffee at the drug store, *We burn our blue books and shed our robes at Hat Burning.* where we were going the next week-end. But now we found ourselves saying, "Let's all meet here this time next year."

. . . But Marian, we'll be late for the movie . . . it must be Saturday. . . . And do you know what my pupils did today? . . . oh, we're too tired to hear about it . . .



These Are

"Love is where you find it" is PEGGYAN ALDERMAN'S theme song. Peggyan is a Winston-Salem girl who has been a member of the May Court for two years and reigned as Maid of Honor in the spring. She has been both a boarder and a Day Student, a welcome addition to both.



CONSTANCE BARNES, a Wilson girl, came to us from St. Mary's with a ukulele on her knee and a song for every occasion. When she was elected to the May Court, Connie insisted it was because of her brains and not her looks. She belonged to the F.T.A. and served as house president (official door-locker) of Bitting.



Alternating between feeding experimental mice in the Science Building and collecting presents for the Orphanage Christmas party was ELLEN BELL. Ellen, a Home Ec. major from Dublin, Virginia, suffered through practice teaching, daily lesson plans, and early morning hours to complete requirements for her teaching certificate. Gleeful laugh, big brown eyes, and boundless energy is Ellen.

Our Seniors

We'll always remember the Beaufort girl, NEVA BELL. Neva is a public school music major and an accomplished musician with any instrument (including the cello). She was a member of the F.T.A., Choral Ensemble, and Instrumental Ensemble. Neva is patience personified, an interested listener, and an understanding friend.



Milk, big meals, any kind of dancing, and music—these are DORA CAMERON'S loves. Dora, a piano major from Wilmington, entertained us by singing novelty songs, banging on the red piano, and telling jokes—slightly changed from the original version. An ace ping-pong player with a dangerous slam—that's Dora.



JOANNE BELL, a Wilsonite with a love for Morehead, came to us from St. Mary's. An English major with a model's figure and bangs, Jo served on the I.R.S., *Salemite* and SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS staffs, and as junior class secretary, marshal, and feature girl. Her musical and artistic ability made her a natural choice for May Day Chairman.





Seniors

PEGGY CHEARS, a Danville lass who refused to say "house" and "mouse" like a North Carolinian, worked in nearly every organization on campus—Student Government, *Salemite*, SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS, Scorpions, House President of Clewell, and Secretary of Senior Class. Still she found time to listen to the opera and to play bridge.



LOMA FAYE CUTHBERTSON spent the greater part of this year finishing her B.M. in Public School Music. She was quite an executive, too: she was president of the Methodist group and of the F.T.A. From Glen Alpine the drawling Loma also served as vice-president of the "Y."



Petite and neat JEAN DAVENPORT from Rocky Mount proved that she could edit the SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS, practice teach, act as secretary-treasurer of the Phi Alpha Theta, publicize May Day, and still have time left for innumerable trips to Chapel Hill. An F.T.A.-er, "Dave" plans to teach English in high school.

All we had to do was put up a list or ask for help, and FAE DEATON would be the first one to volunteer. Not only was Fae willing to follow others, but she also could lead others effectively. As president of the Pierrettes, she led her group through a successful year. A public school music major, Fae survived practice teaching and even brought some of her pupils to entertain us in assembly.



MRS. NINA DERAMUS, with a house, a husband, and a small boy, returned to college to get a degree just because she wanted to. She attended Wingate Junior College and the University of North Carolina. At Salem she was an economics-sociology major and minored in English.



RUTH DERRICK came down to Salem from her hill in Clayton, Georgia. Bitting's Basement was decorated with her sketches of the class, the *Salemite* ran her cartoons, the composition class gasped over her prolific writing, and we sang her lyrics to Joann's music. Ruthie served on the *Salemite*, A.A. Council, and as a practice teacher.



Seniors



MYRA DICKSON, the Gastonia girl with the blond streak in her hair and diamond on her finger, was our authority on Latin quotations. Besides being a Latin major, she specialized in cats, Greek, bridge, and German. Myra was a member of the I.R.C. and the Lecture Committee, and wrote for the *Salemite*.



LORETTA DIROM from Lynchburg guided Sisters dorm as house president this year. This post was supplemented by work on her two majors, history and Spanish; her endless hours spent as "heads" editor of the *Salemite*; and by her endless typing for the *SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS*. Lorrie, Sisters' youngest, is characterized by her rolling walk and her ability to sleep through earthquakes.



CAROLYN DOBSON, an art major from Greenville, South Carolina, was a loyal supporter of class athletics. Art, softball, basketball, tennis, modern dance, and knitting filled her time. All four years we ran to her room to get our knitting untangled and to have posters made. We'll remember Carolyn and her green Ford.

Seniors

Seniors

JANE CAROLYN FEARING, the "monster," is a lover of onions. She is an art major from Statesville and was president of the Art Club her junior year. She minored in primary education and trips to Charleston, and she was on the May court, the A.A. Council, and the I.R.S. Council.



Sisters' one claim to musical fame was in the personage of one MARGIE FERRELL of Kinston. Margie's flexible personality could change the atmosphere from Chopin to Gershwin in five minutes. Besides giving recitals, Margie wrote for the *Salemite*, led the class cheers, sang in the Choral Ensemble, and giggled.



BARBARA FISHER from Concord came to Salem on the five-year plan so that she could double major in public school music and organ. By the end of her second Senior year she had almost a triple major. During her Salem years Barbara belonged to the F.T.A., "Y" Cabinet, and I.R.C.





Seniors

FAY FULLER, a day student, had a double major of Latin and history. She was another one of the "dawn" girls who rolled out of bed for practice teaching. Besides this, Fay still found time to help behind stage with the Pierrettes. She was also a member of the Honor Society and Phi Alpha Theta.



JOYCE GOFORTH is a sociology-economics major from Winston-Salem. She transferred to Salem from Campbell Junior College. Friendly and unaffected, good-natured even with a broken toe, Joyce delights the day students with her jokes and laughter.



KATHERINE GREEN from Midland found much to interest her at Salem, but plans for a June wedding occupied most of her thoughts this year. A piano major, Kappy participated in many musical activities for four years. She also likes good books, Chinese food, parties, and Max best of all.

She's from Plymouth, but she drives a Buick. JEANNE HARRISON wielded a hammer for the Pierettes and was chairman of the Monogram Club. She was also vice-president of the A.A., a Scorpion, Business Manager of SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS, and on the *Salemite* staff. Versatile and vibrant, big smiles and big doings, that's Jeanne Harrison.



THERESA HEDRICK from Lenoir was at Bowman Gray this year studying Medical Technology. She was also at Annapolis quite often studying to be Mrs. Stewart Sherman. Theresa was president of the Lablings her junior year and will be remembered also for her hula dancing, blue De Sota convertible, and her artistic "hat burning" hat.



ANN HOBBS HELSABECK, one of our married Seniors, commuted daily from King to complete her Senior year. An active member of almost every organization on campus, Ann was president of the Modern Dance Club, House President of Strong, and a freshman feature girl for the annual. Ann's journalistic ability was seen in her *Salemite* articles about her little brother or her husband.



Seniors



ANN HUGHES, a Winston-Salem girl, reigned as Salem's twenty-sixth May Queen. Ann was on the May Court her junior year after she transferred from Mitchell College. An economics-sociology major and with elementary education as a minor, Ann has served on the I.R.S. Council two years and was vice-president of the I.R.S. this year.



CARMEN JOHNSTON is the gal who gets things done without bothering anyone. She lives in Winston-Salem, and has been active in the Home Ec. Department and in Stee Gee work, acting as treasurer in her Sophomore year. We've always admired her neatness and quiet dignity.



MARGARET BRITT KEEL, whom we continued calling Peggy Britt, is one of our envied married seniors. From La Grange Peggy majored in history and minors in primary education. She was also active in the F.T.A. and I.R.C. and was noted for her tiny waist and neat appearance.

Seniors

Seniors

SALLIE GENE KERNER from Henderson is an organ major and filled her four years with a variety of activities. She was a member of the Choral Ensemble, the "Y" Cabinet, and the Honor Society. This year she had the added responsibility of being president of the Choral Ensemble.



BETTY LOU KIPE came to us from Plainfield, N. J. Before entering Salem, she attended Oberlin College for two years. Organ is Betty Lou's main interest as well as her major, and she had the distinction of giving the first student recital of the year.



SALLY ANNE KNIGHT is the girl from College Park, Georgia, with the New Jersey accent. She has been around, and we're glad she made it around to Salem. She was on the A.A. Council three years, and she'll be remembered by all of us for her laugh, dimples, curly hair, tomato-soup-colored car, and her Doug.





Seniors

ELIZABETH KRAUSS has the distinction of being the only foreign student in the senior class. From The Hague in Holland, Elizabeth is a world traveler, having lived in Australia, Java, and the East Indies and visited in China and Japan. She was an ardent member of the I.R.C. at Salem.



One senior we could not do without is EMMA SUE LARKINS from Trenton, in wonderful Jones County. As president of the A.A., she could play any sport and did. She also helped the Pierrettes, *Salemite*, F.T.A., SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS, and Scorpions. Emma Sue is famous for her laugh, her pocketbook, and her Dalton.



Our class president was FAYE LEE from Smithfield. Her poise was admired at Student Council, I.R.S. and Senior Class meetings. Engaged to Ross, Faye found time to write letters to Korea as well as practice teach, be Business Manager of the *Salemite*, and write copy for SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS. In addition she was a former marshal and president of the I.R.C.

Our First Lady is MARIAN LEWIS from Raeford. She supported practically everything at Salem. She was on the "Y," A.A., and I.R.S. Councils. She was also a Scorpion, president of the junior class, and on *Who's Who*—all this plus a major in voice, a trip to Europe, and first of all, Charles.



From Mooresville, "little" ANNE LOWE had a busy senior year, being senior editor of *SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS*, associate editor of the *Salemite*, president of the Scorpions, vice-chairman of May Day, a practice teacher, and a member of *Who's Who*. Between trips to Annapolis, Anne also found time to be a marshal and to win the Kathryn Rondthaler Award.



CHARLOTTE McGLAUGHON, a transfer from St. Mary's and an English major, is a day student. Besides creating "The Five Chinese Brothers" and "Goldilocks and The Three Bears" for her first and second grade children in practice teaching, Charlotte had the distinction of serving on the A.A. Council as the first day student representative.



Seniors



The girl with the long legs walking toward the catacombs is ELEANOR McGREGOR from Greenville, S. C. Besides editing the *Salemite*, "Mac" was active on the A.A. Council, president of the Presbyterians on campus, a Scorpion, a marshal, and a member of the SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS staff.



ELSIE MACON, from Raleigh, led the I.R.S. this year. While here she was president of the Canterbury Club, associate editor of the SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS, and on the *Salemite* staff and May Day Committee. Known as "Moo" and "Loma Lush," she has big brown eyes to go with her big lawyer.



ANNE MILLER, who is known to all at Salem as "Beauty," came to us from Lincolnton. Beauty's main interest was her history major, but we will remember her for her sandy-colored hair, slow drawl, and distinctive walk.

Seniors

Seniors

Trips to music hall to practice piano and to V.P.I. to see Billy kept JULIA MOORE from Norfolk busy this year. But in spite of that, she found time to be active in the May Day Committee, the Choral Ensemble, the Canterbury Club, and the Lecture Committee.



ANNA FRANCES MORGAN transferred to Salem from W.C. in her sophomore year. Since then, she's become a practice teacher, holder of the class's highest average in our junior year, and both treasurer and vice-president of the Day Students. She can usually be found discussing Spanish literature with Dr. Lewis or objectives with Dr. Welch



JEANNE MOYE from Maury has one big love—"Cuddles," her cocker spaniel. Jeanne served as house president of Sisters and as a member of the Student Council, I.R.C., F.T.A., and Y Cabinet. "Miss Moye's" major was history, but she also had a big interest in Florida and a certain boy there.





Seniors

Home economics major MARTHA NEW-COMB hails from Henderson. This year was an exceptionally full one for Martha, for she was president of the Home Economics Club and also a practice teacher. In addition, Martha found time to be active in the Lablings, the F.T.A., and the I.R.C.



Last August JOANN WHITE married Percy PAYNE, and they found an apartment near Salem. This year Joann could reach Music Hall to practice piano, her major subject, in one leap. Joann's activities included the Y Cabinet, SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS staff, and Choral Ensemble. We will remember Joann for her ability to play almost any song in any style—even on the red Bitting piano.



As president of the Canterbury Club, NELL PHILIPS from Battleboro spent a busy year. Her religious music and organ major as well as her voice minor kept her in music hall much of the time. Nell still managed to find time for a frequent weekend visitor from the Duke med. school.

What would a Day Student Chapel program, a May Day, a floor show, or a stunt night, be without Winston-Salem's NANCY ANNE REYNOLDS? Acrobatics, the uke, and a Stevenson button were her trademarks, and she managed to sandwich in a double major in Spanish and English with practice teaching on the side.



During her years at Salem, Statesville's ANNE LOUISE RHYNE was a marshal, treasurer of the Junior class and of May Day, a feature girl, a Scorpion, and a math major. With all this activity, it was no wonder that "Willie" corrected a first grader when he said he "had drewed" "by telling him to say he "had drawed" instead.



From Danville ("Virginia, of course"), JANE SCHOOLFIELD served as chief marshal, photographic editor of the annual, and news editor of the *Salemite*. She was also a Scorpion and on the Lecture Committee, but most week-ends found her at Chapel Hill with Bryant. Jane took her dancing and history major seriously at Salem.



Seniors



A petite, blue-eyed brunette from Raleigh is ANNE SIMPSON. With a Spanish major and practice teaching, Anne still found time to write for the *Salemite*, be advertising manager of the SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS, hold offices in the F.T.A., Canterbury Club, and Pierrettes, and to perform in May Day. Anne is also an Honor Society student.



From way down south comes BEBE SKINNER. Bebe has the distinction of being the only twin in the senior class besides Marcia. Bebe loves Florida houseparties, friends she makes on train trips, sips of cokes, and Selma, Alabama, her distant home town. Her side interests are her history major and practice teaching.



BETTY JEAN SMITH, who is known as "B. J." is from Scarsdale, N. Y. Besides majoring in economics and sociology, B. J. found time to take countless trips to Annapolis to see her Milt. Even with a Yankee accent, she was a true Southerner to all of us.

Seniors

Seniors

"Ah hav' th' followin' announcements," drawled Selma's JANE SMITH in chapel this year. Vice-president of the Stee Gee was only one of Jane's accomplishments. She was also president of Phi Alpha Theta, a member of the Honor Society, Scorpions, and *Who's Who*. With such a record she was still known as the girl who lost things and was "everybody's friend."



FLORENCE SPAUGH has more talents than anyone can count, and still is modest about them. Hailing from Leaksville, she lived at Reverend Spaugh's home during school. We'll remember her for being off-campus "veep," Day Student Stee Gee representative, and Dr. Singer's prize history major.



MARILYN SUMMEY from Dallas, N. C., devoted much time and energy to the "Y" as its president. She also found time to be a member of *Who's Who*, the Scorpions, and the Honor Society. She is quite a remarkable girl, since she had a double major in music and math.





Seniors

DRANE VAUGHN, a day student, spent this year getting a B.A. degree in history as well as a teacher's certificate in elementary education. Drane transferred to Salem her junior year from Hollins College. She served on the *Salemite* staff, was vice-president of the senior class, and was a member of Phi Alpha Theta.



SARA WATSON, an economics-sociology major, served as secretary, treasurer, and vice-president of the day students and in her freshman year was the day student representative to the I.R.S. Council. All the practice teachers can remember Sara's unique television set that showed the story of "Four Puppies Who Wanted a Home."



SARA WILLARD, president of the day students, transferred to Salem her sophomore year from W. C. Sara is a math major and joined the ranks in rising at dawn for practice teaching. Sara also served on the Lecture Committee and spent many hours deciding what important people to bring to Salem.

FRANCES WILLIAMS had the distinction of being a graduate when she came to Salem, for she completed her junior college work at St. Mary's. Here Frances was active in the Canterbury Club, Pierrettes, and the I.R.C. and was voted Miss Charm of 1952. Trips to Chapel Hill and to her home in Fayetteville kept her week-ends full.

In spite of long sessions with paint and crayon in the art lab, NORMA WILLIAMS from Wilmington always managed to look freshly dressed. Her sociology-economics major and art minor gave her a variety of interests, for Norma was active in the Art Club and was treasurer of our class this year.

Students Not Photographed

EMMA LEE SINCLAIR INGRAM

SARA LONG

KATHARINE MOUNTCASTLE

MARCIA SKINNER

MRS. ADA BURT VAUGHN

Seniors

We Felt a New Importance

Then came the junior year, probably the happiest time of all, for we were absorbed with our friends, boys, and studies we at last liked. Proud of the accomplishment of having two years of college work behind us, we were the elite; we could pick our own courses. We could sit on the steps of Strong and South in cool disdain of the lower classes. But in our position as "Big Sisters" we decided that the freshmen were pretty nice people, whose friendships were worth cultivating. We realized that the professors actually had our interests at heart and liked to see everyone in their classes pass.

This year Alice McNeely took over the duties of president of the class, aided by Mary Lou Whiteheart, vice-president, Betsy Forrest, secretary, and Connie Murray, treasurer. Connie also had the job of locking the doors of Strong and keeping an eye on her "children."

With the new year, came new experiences. Eleanor Johnson and Cynthia May returned with those third fingers' left hand decorated. It wasn't long before Elaine Williams joined the two.

We have cars, later hours, and unlimited overnights. The problems of Junior Breakfast, week-end trips to nearby campuses, and the Junior-Senior banquet kept us busy until exams. Foremost in the field, however, were the campus elections held toward the end of March. The members of our class took over the responsible positions, but we also enjoyed the senior privileges of having cars on campus, later hours on dates, and unlimited overnights.

With the closing of the school year, friendships had been strengthened by three years of association, and we were beginning to feel like the class of fifty-four rather than fifty individuals. We were part of a unit; as rising seniors we felt our responsibilities; and for the first time we were fully aware that we were Salemites.

. . . B.W.O.C. Alice McNeely, President
. . . Mary Lou Whiteheart, Connie
Murray, Betsy Forrest . . . Let's wake
them anyway, they ordered it . . . Nero
fiddled while Rome burned . . .



Our Juniors Are

First row:

Barbara Allen, Bethlehem, Pa.
Bryan Balfour, Winston-Salem
Betty Ball, Winston-Salem
Elizabeth Bass, Henderson
Joyce Billings, Carrboro

Second row:

Ann Bondurant, Winston-Salem
Alison Britt, Murfreesboro
Jean Calhoun, Clinton
Anna Katharine Dobson, Winston-Salem
Arvel Dyer, Winston-Salem

Third row:

Jean Edwards, Raleigh
Elaine Elrick, Baltimore, Md.
Joan Elrick, Baltimore, Md.
Elynor Rights, Winston-Salem
Edith Flagler, Hickory

Fourth row:

Betsy Forrest, Hillsboro
Carol Glaser, Charlotte
Sarah Hackney, Wilson
Donald Hartzog, Winston-Salem
Priscilla Henrich, Westfield, N. J.

Fifth row:

Virginia Hudson, Raleigh
Nancy Huffard, Bluefield, Va.
Elissa Hutson, Winston-Salem
Eleanor Johnson, Peterborough, N. H.
Peggie Johnson, Raleigh

Sixth row:

Betty McGlaughon, Kingsport, Tenn.
Ruth McIlroy, Winston-Salem
Doris McMillan, Galax, Va.
Alice McNeely, Mooresville
Cynthia May, Greenville, S. C.





Juniors

First row:

Anne Merritt, Mount Airy
Laura Mitchell, Charlotte
Joanne Moody, Sylva
Anne Robertson Morgan, Winston-Salem
Anne Moye, Tarboro

Second row:

Connie Murray, Durham
Lu Long Ogburn, Smithfield
Glenn Pettyjohn, Winston-Salem
Molly Quinn, Kinston
Guillamette Roussel, France

Third row:

Jean Shope, Weaverville
Joan Shope, Weaverville
Dorothy Smothers, Reidsville
Frankie Ann Strader, Burlington
Sarah Sue Tisdale, New Bern

Fourth row:

Betty Tyler, Kinston
Betsy Turner, Oxford
Mary Lou Whiteheart, Winston-Salem
Mary Lu Williams, Fayetteville
Mary Joyce Wilson, Rural Hall

Students Not Photographed

John H. Byrd, Jr.
Russell Chambers
Sue Harrison
Patricia Locke
William Philip Long
James McDaniel
Harold Shoemaker
Edith Tesch



We Tried to Be Remembered

When we went to class and heard the inevitable Chaucer read to us, we knew that our sophomore year had actually begun. We were no longer Freshmen, and it was good to "know the ropes" and to have extra overnights and cuts. We knew *that* when we began bumming rides to Carolina, Duke, State, and Davidson.

We cracked the usual Rat Week whip over the Freshmen this year. The mid-October leaves made a colorful prayer mat for the "lowly ones" as they praised Allah at the sight of one of us.

Bobbie Kuss, as president, led us in a constant endeavor to prevent our being called the "forgotten class." She was competently assisted by Ernsthine Kapp, vice-president, Sue Jones, secretary, and Betsy Liles, treasurer. Sue also had the job of acting as "Mama" to more than a hundred girls in Clewell, while Kay Cunningham took care of the girls in South.

We certainly weren't the forgotten class in dramatics this year. This was proven in the production of *Antigone*. Roonie played Antigone and was supported by Maggie and Sally. We were even represented in the Greek chorus, which was led by Anne Currin, Betty, Francine, and Nancy gave her their assistance and support.

The year was filled with the usual events, but somehow they were different to us. Greased door knobs and mis-placed drawers marked another playful Hallowe'en. Last year's formals across our beds and corsages outside our windows revealed our preparations for the Christmas dance. Another wonderful February 14th passed amid empty candy boxes and fallen rose petals.

As Miss Anna's pansies began to bloom and the pool was filled with water, we exchanged our loafers and sweaters for sandals and cottons. The talk of transferring was replaced by plans for our junior year at Salem, and we knew we had not been forgotten.

We grease door knobs and mis-place drawers on Hallowe'en.

... President Barbara Kuss . . . Betsy Liles, Ernsthine Kapp, Sue Jones . . . no, not a masquerade, only Rat Court . . . just there and back for a pack of cigarettes . . .

Our Sophomores Are

First row:

Dorothy Rice Allen, Winston-Salem
Norma Jean Ansell, High Point
Mary Bambalis, Winston-Salem
Martha Anne Barnes, Bennettsville, S. C.
Marguerite Blanton, Mooresboro

Second row:

Anne Bryan Bowman, Wadesboro
Roberta Brower, Winston-Salem
Jane Brown, Murfreesboro
Diantha Carter, Raleigh
Martha Coggins, Sanford

Third row:

Kay Cunningham, Danville, Va.
Jean Currin, Middleburg
Kathleen Duffy, New Bern
Anne Edwards, Bluefield, W. Va.
Louise Fike, Wilson

Fourth row:

Nancy Florence, Chevy Chase, Md.
Irma Gatewood, Winston-Salem
Emily Gunn, Lynchburg, Va.
Bonnie Jane Hall, Elkin
Emily Hall, Belmont

Fifth row:

Lucy Boyd Harris, Henderson
Emily Heard, Kinston
Marlene Hedrick, Lenoir
Edith Howell, Rahway, N. J.
Sally Anne Hudson, Winston-Salem

Sixth row:

Gertrude Johnson, Burlington
Betty Carol Johnston, Draper
Sue Jones, Charlotte
Ernstine Kapp, Winston-Salem
Carolyn Kneeburg, Salisbury





Sophomores

First row:

Diane Knott, Kinston
Barbara Kuss, Allentown, Pa.
Ann Lang, Kinston
Jan Langley, Hamilton, Montana
Faye Lanham, Clarksdale, Miss.

Second row:

Betsy Liles, Wadesboro
Audrey Lindley, Winston-Salem
Jane Little, Albemarle
Mary Scott Livingston, Wilmington
Allison Long, Statesville

Third row:

Peggy McCanless, Salisbury
Patricia Marsh, Salisbury
Virginia Millican, Lumberton
Anne Mixon, Summit, N. J.
Dorothy Morris, Mocksville

Fourth row:

Jacqueline Nielson, Kinston
Sara Outland, Kinston
Francine Pitts, Lydia, S. C.
Rebecca Powers, Raleigh
Mary Anne Raines, Chevy Chase, Md.

Fifth row:

Sally Reiland, Bluefield, W. Va.
Betty Riddle, Plymouth
Freda Siler, Franklin
Barbara Smith, Mount Airy
Bessie Smith, Selma, Ala.

Sixth row:

Mary Todd Smith, Bethel
Norma Rose Spikes, Burlington
Mildred Spillman, Wilmington
Phyllis Stinnett, Buchanan, Va.
Hadwig Stolwitzer, Austria



First row:

Florence Swindell, Raleigh
Betty Claire Warren, Winston-Salem
Helen Carole Watkins, Hartsville, S. C.
Carolyn Watlington, Ruffin
Elaine Williams, Chattanooga, Tenn.

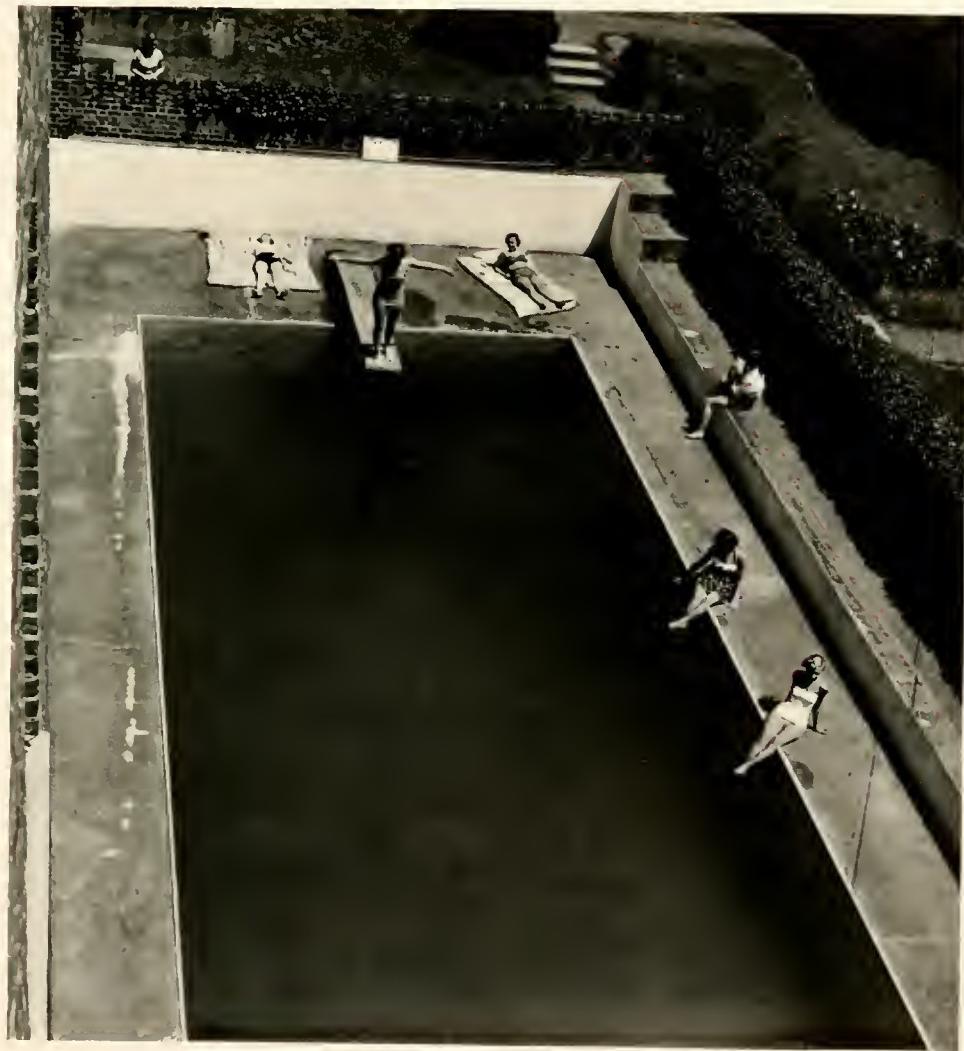
Second row:

Betty Lynn Wilson, Rural Hall
Rosanne Worthington, Kinston

Students Not Photographed

Margaret Blakeney
Norma Jean Hanks
Barbara Hine

Sophomores



This Was Our First Year

We felt strange that first week at Salem as we watched the Seniors proudly stroll in and out of Bitting, wondered at the Juniors who rushed back to Strong after meals to play bridge, and envied the Sophomores who gathered in a corner of Davy to talk over the summer. We were a little scared and a little anxious, but before we knew it we were eating out with our "big sisters," singing "In the Evening" with the sophomores on

*We avoid the Sophomores
and we look for "Gloria."* the lawn after supper, and paying unexpected calls to our Senior advisors to find out what we "read" on Reading Day. Little by little the newness wore off, and we really felt like we belonged when both our hockey team and our chorus line came out on top at the pep rally.

We had been told about Rat Week and realized the time was near when the Sophomores began singing in the dining room and holding mysterious class meetings in Old Chapel. We were Arabs, wore towels for turbans and prayed to Allah. At Rat Court we looked for "Gloria" and laughed at Temple singing "Don't Do It."

After six weeks' tests, we elected Nellie Ann Barrow to preside at class meetings. Bonnie Quackenbush served as vice-president, Jo Cullifer kept the minutes, and Ann Campbell balanced the books. For our project we "adopted" the orphans at the Family Service Home. On the side, we wrote to our boys in Korea whose names we got from the Red Cross.

The Christmas Dance, the Putz, Senior Vespers, the Christmas Banquet, and then—much too soon—our pencils were flying through those notorious little blue books.

After exams everyone sat back and relaxed for awhile. We prayed for sunshine that first Saturday in May and were mighty proud of Claire as she walked down the path and took her place with the rest of the May Court.

The year was over. We knew it had been a good one—but we knew, too, that next year would be even better.

. . . Head lady, Nellie Anne Barrow
. . . Jo Cullifer, Ann Campbell, Bonnie
Quackenbush . . . What? So soon? . . . I
won't do a thing they tell me . . .



Our Freshmen Are

First row:

Roberta Ashburn, Mount Airy
Emily Baker, Rocky Mount
Louise Barron, Rock Hill, S. C.
Nellie Anne Barrow, Alberta, Va.
Barbara Berry, Charlotte

Second row:

Lucy Bishop, Belhaven
Nonie Bjornlie, Minneapolis, Minn.
Jane Boyd, Marion, Va.
Marianne Boyd, Charlotte
Bonnie Sue Bowman, Elkin

Third row:

Bebe Brown, Jacksonville, Fla.
Tommy Brown, Winston-Salem
Betty Brunson, Albemarle
Helen Burns, Kershaw, S. C.
Elizabeth Ann Butler, Morganton

Fourth row:

Ann Campbell, Murfreesboro
Donald Caldwell, Dillon, S. C.
Alice James Carter, Selma, Ala.
Betty Jean Cash, Winston-Salem
Claire Chesnut, Jacksonville, Fla.

Fifth row:

Josephine Cullifer, Murfreesboro
Temple Daniel, New Bern
Harriett Ann Davis, Crozet, Va.
Dayl Dawson, Chevy Chase, Md.
Joy Dixon, Charlotte

Sixth row:

Vivian Fasul, Fayetteville
Mary Ceile Flowers, Danville, Va.
Lynda George, Mount Airy
Betsy Giles, Morganton
Susan Glaser, Chevy Chase, Md.





Freshmen

First row:

Barbara Green, Danville, Va.
Saress Gregg, Bennettsville, S. C.
Joy Harrison, Plymouth
Margie Hartshorn, Asheville
Peggy Hawkins, Goldsboro

Second row:

Peggy Jean Horton, Hickory
Emily Howell, Goldsboro
Sara Kathryn Huff, Pulaski, Va.
Diane Huntley, Lenoir
Alverta Hutton, Hickory

Third row:

Betty Sue Justice, Fitzgerald, Ga.
June Kipe, Plainfield, N. J.
Sally Knight, Charlottesville, Va.
Thelma Lancaster, Rocky Mount
Jane Langston, Goldsboro

Fourth row:

Polly Larkins, Trenton
Ella Ann Lee, Smithfield
Ruth Lott, Asheville
Mary Elizabeth McClure, Graham
Emma McCotter, New Bern

Fifth row:

Susan McLamb, Goldsboro
Denyse McLawhorn, Winterville
Patricia Malone, Salisbury
Ann Marlow, Goldsboro
Mary Lou Mauney, Charlotte

Sixth row:

Joanne Meilicke, Bethlehem, Pa.
Jean Miller, Winston-Salem
Betty Morrison, Asheville
Marian Myers, Raleigh
Elizabeth Norris, Gastonia

Freshmen

First row:

Lane Owre, Charlotte
Julia Parker, Ahoskie
Sara Marie Pate, Rowland
Nancy Proctor, Greenville
Bonnie Quakenbush, Winston-Salem

Second row:

Margaret Raiford, Erwin
Agnes Rennie, Richmond, Va.
Patsy Roberson, Robersonville
Peggy Roberts, Anniston, Ala.
Mary McNeely Rogers, Mooresville

Third row:

Mary Benton Royster, Durham
Mary Alice Ryals, Benson
Betty Saunders, Convoer
Phylliss Sherrill, Lenoir
Eleanor Smith, Reidsville

Fourth row:

Joann Smith, Winston-Salem
Carolyn Spaugh, Charlotte
Shirley Taylor, Winston-Salem
Anne Tesch, Winston-Salem
Anne Lynn Thompson, Winston-Salem

Fifth row:

Martha Thornburg, Hickory
Eleanor Walton, Glen Alpine
Sandra Whitlock, Washington, D. C.
Patsy Wease, White Sulpher Springs, W. Va.
Ann Williams, Henderson

Students Not Photographed

Mrs. Margaret Craig
Fielding Comlis
Sonya Hagna
Angela Howard
Mrs. Rosita Thacker
Dorothy Tyndall





Here Are Our Special Groups

They never get wet dashing to class on rainy days; they never sign in and out from uptown; Saturday classes don't upset them; they never wait until weekends to leave school. They are the day students.

Under the leadership of President Sara Wil-lard; Vice-president Sara Watson, Secretary Barbara Hine, Treasurer Sally Hudson, and Edith Tesh to represent them in the Student Council, the off-campus girls are well organized.

Their home on campus is the Day Student Center complete with a backroom for the inevitable card games. They never mind lending the Center for campus meetings, receptions, and Saturday night dances.

The Day Students are always on hand for supplying the campus girls with cars, getting furniture for Pierrette props, introducing town boys, and furnishing a coke machine that rarely runs out of cokes.

Their social activities are as varied as Winston-Salem weather, covering everything from bring-your-date picnics to bring-your-mother teas.

There are members of another group of day students who are always conspicuous on campus—These are the men students. We see them everywhere, but they are most often found in their own special room down in the catacombs.

This year the men students seemed to be camera shy. They were informed that Woodrow was coming to take their picture for the annual, and at the appointed time, none of the men appeared. A few days later, they were notified again, and again the room was empty. The third time was a surprise attack which was another utter failure. Finally in desperation a meeting was called by a faculty member, three men appeared, and the picture was hastily snapped.

This year no officers were elected by the men, but they continued to attend class, play cards in the catacombs, and boost our morale.

Inevitable card games are continuous in Day Student Center.

Three camera shy men are finally snapped in desperation.

. . . And they all live in Winston-Salem . . .
This isn't the time to work, boys . . .

We liked taking imaginary trips to Holland with Elizabeth, to France with Guillamette, and to Austria with Hadwig this year.

Elizabeth Krauss from The Hague was the first Dutch girl we have had at Salem. After hearing her speak our language, we wondered why we ever picked up the many slang phrases we use. After a few weeks with Elizabeth, her earrings became as familiar to us as Miss Anna's pansies.

Earrings, upsweep, long socks typify our three foreign girls.

Guillamette Roussel lived up to what we thought the typical French girl should look like. Her chic hairdo and her ability to wear high heels every day astounded us. The night Guillamette was elected to the May Court was one of the highlights of the year, because she was the first foreign student to accomplish that feat.

Tyral, Austria, is the home of Hadwig Stolwitzer. It wasn't long after she arrived that we nicknamed her "Heidi." Heidi gave up skiing when she came to Salem, but her long white socks were reminders of Austria and of home.

. . . In the usual order, Guillamette, Hadwig, and Elizabeth . . .



We
Feature



MARIAN LEWIS . . .

female George Washington . . . nicknamed "Sheep" . . . basketball star, speaker, singer, and choir director . . . love of monkey cartoons, cokes at bedtime, ironing, and dating in Winston-Salem . . .

*We Seniors are fond of the
two top Stee Gee officials.*

unusual craving for chicken wings . . . exotic blue stationery . . . hair rolled in socks . . . sooner to "Halls of Ivy" . . . busy but never too busy to stop . . . true platinum blond hair, blue eyes, and a catching smile . . . Madame President . . . our Marian.

JANE SMITH . . .

Alabama drawl . . . handwriting of a two year old and a mind that rates the Dean's List . . . conductor of searches for better contact lens solution . . . quick wit that matches a quick walk . . . love of long cigarettes, football games, and weekend trips . . . momentous decision to double major, "So I won't be wastin' Daddy's money" . . . naturally curly hair and a pair of dimples . . . favorite of Miss Essie's . . . Madame Veep of the Stee Gee . . . quite a girl . . . Janie.

CONNIE MURRAY . . .

Mama Strong . . . "That reminds me of a joke" . . . never ceasing energy . . . Strong's hair designer . . . letters from Korea . . . "Nobody tells me anything" . . . tango lessons in the basement . . . whiz at crossword puzzles . . . love of knitting . . . forever seeing the bright side of life . . . hula dancer . . . red hair, freckles, and blue eyes . . . beat-up loafers . . . class treasurer . . . "I'm coming, Laura" . . . our own Connie.

JEAN CALHOUN . . .

"Come go to Clin'on with me" . . . quiet easy manner . . .
*Dancing and writing lessons
are available to us Juniors.* never too busy for that extra write-up . . . dry wit . . . "You don't say" . . . burning the midnight oil in the *Salemite* office or knitting for her namesake . . . polished fingernails . . . black rimmed specs . . . penitentiary garb . . . chuckling laugh . . . love of summer school . . . wicked with a tennis racket . . . Jean.





SUE JONES . . .

First Lady of Clewell . . . shining smile for everyone . . . always getting "nutty finger" cookies from home . . . keeps a scrap-book . . . loyal to Davidson's defeated team . . . polishes her nails every Friday . . . teased about being an Old Maid 'cause she is so neat . . . wears a hair net at night . . . keeps letters in a big cookie box . . . only child . . . has trouble getting her roommate up at 7:45 a.m. . . . studies in bed using a big lapboard . . . wild about steaks and *White Shoulders* perfume . . .

BARBARA KUSS . . .

"Bobbie" . . . Class President . . . has naturally curly blond hair . . . wears socks turned up . . . Yankee accent . . . member of May Court . . . knits argyles and sweaters without looking at them . . . player on hockey varsity . . . draws and paints . . . yearns to play the piano . . . collects souvenirs for bulletin board and scrapbook . . . has a room full of Pennsylvania-Dutch ceramics . . . likes the South, except for black-eyed peas and grits . . . enjoys sea food and the ocean . . . majoring in languages . . . A.A. Council . . . likes earrings and high heels . . .

ANN CAMPBELL . . .

big brown eyes . . . always neat . . . likes cashmere sweaters and stoles . . . wears pearl earrings the size of the oyster . . . bubbles with rhythm . . . gets boxes of luscious food . . . wears a fur coat—from Aunt "Coycie" . . . likes to date tall boys . . . imitates Johnny Ray . . . "Do you really think so?" . . . never too busy to listen to your troubles . . . energetic . . . good sense of humor . . . native of Murfreesboro . . . always co-operative . . . treasurer of freshman class . . . sophisticated innocence . . .

ELLA ANN LEE . . .

looks like a page out of *Vogue* on "dress-up" occasions . . . lives and breathes music . . . talks excitedly with her hands . . . plays—or sings—for Music Hour . . . leaves town every Saturday . . . "I'm going to quit smoking tomorrow!" . . . tries to put thirty-six hours' work into a twenty-four hour day . . . plays piano duets with her roommate . . . brings forth her green French umbrella every time a gray cloud appears . . . Faye's little sister . . . tells tales of summer experiences in New York . . .



. . . We can't go in there, we
haven't a chaperone . . .

At Salem Female Academy in the early days, a student's usual day was quite different from ours. She arose early from her alcove and dressed simply, usually in a calico gown made by herself. Then she descended to the sitting rooms below, whose floors were intricately patterned in white sand. Here, after breakfast eaten from pewter plates polished with rushes from the creek, she returned to study at long tables. In the evenings, the tables were lighted by candlesticks—one to every four girls.

Housekeeping and gardening kept the Salem lasses busy. But there were other activities besides lessons which varied her days. There were rotating housekeeping chores to keep her busy. Hymns were often sung for diversion, and country picnics were long awaited occasions. She might often be found tending her garden, for each pupil had her own garden plot. The first Principal "encouraged them to transplant many of the beautiful wild flowers found during their walks."

Impressive Moravian services highlighted life at school during Christmas, New Year, and Easter. Prayers, hymns, processions, and Love Feasts were parts of the celebrations, and Salem students were privileged to participate.

The twentieth century brought new clubs to Salem, as the independence of womanhood began to be asserted. There was the mandolin club, but several members played guitars instead, for guitar was one of the favorite courses taught at Salem. Bloomers, braids, and bows failed to halt the enthusiasm and energy of students as class sports became popular.

. . . Just one more set and that backhand will be perfect . . .



A typical day in the life of a 1953 Salemite is quite different from one in the early days. There are classes to attend and lessons to be prepared, but our days are crowded with a variety of other activities. There is the pool for warm fall or spring days; there are trips uptown for shopping or seeing a movie; and there are sixteen organizations whose meetings we attend.

But diversion isn't our main concern here at Salem. We have our term papers to write and to worry over, but we have the library to bury ourselves in until they are done. There is the Art Gallery to keep us informed in the fields of painting, sculpture, and architecture, and we can hear the world's best music in the Listening Room. There are concerts in town and lectures in Memorial Hall, where we become acquainted with the famous and hear views new to us. Churches of all denominations are open to us, and guidance and advice from the faculty are ours for the asking.

Our activities have changed from those of the earlier days, but the ideal of individualized education has remained to show us life at its best in all its aspects.

Our year is filled with classes, sports, dances, and meetings.

We Led an Organized Life

Petitions, restrictions, daily meetings—this is not the real Student Self-Government Association; these are only the superficial trappings of the organization.

When we returning Salemites arrived at the portals, we found that Marian had things pretty well under control. The Stee Gee officers had started to carry out some of their

"Try Dentine" is first suggestion for the Stee Gee.

plans. A suggestion box was put out, and for the first Student Body meeting, there was only one suggestion, "Try Dentine." Later, less frivolous suggestions were made, regular monthly Student Body meetings were held, and petitions were originated. Jean Calhoun worked hard trying to type letters of restriction faster than the penalties were given.

Several of Marian's cabinet members were late joining the ranks. In October, Alice McNeely was elected president of the junior class, and Kay Cunningham was chosen house president of newly reopened South dormitory. The junior class selected Alison Britt and Carol Glaser to represent them, and the freshmen elected Agnes Rennie and Martha Thornburg as their representatives to the Stee Gee. Jo Cullifer was chosen to serve as temporary freshman class chairman. After the six weeks period ended, the freshmen elected Nellie Ann Barrow to serve as their class president.

Good use is made of the newly painted Stee Gee room.

The regular Council meetings were held on Mondays in the newly-painted Stee Gee room. The group discussed the important campus problems. Penalties were posted or announced, Sunday dating hours were extended, and the prevalent attitudes were discussed.

In spring election time began. The Nominating Committee pondered about possible candidates. Petitions were submitted which called for more meetings and pondering. Then ballots were mimeographed and votes were counted.

Marian and the old Council got things in order for retirement. The Juniors succeeded the Seniors. New faces had new ideas, but the honor system and the self-governing principles continued.

. . . Jane Smith, Florence Spaugh, Anna Katherine Dobson, and Jean Calhoun . . . First Lady, Marian Lewis . . . What lovely pipes you have, girls . . .





Through the year the I.R.S. reminded us that we represent Salem. Good dining-room manners, neatness, thoughtfulness, and poise were the qualities for which we strived. Above all, the I.R.S. tried to give us an active interest in Salem's traditional dignified living.

Freshmen and new students were introduced to the I.R.S. and its president, Elsie Macon, in September. During Orientation Week the organization sponsored a Freshman Fashion Show, and with the "Y," a Freshman Dance.

Three times during the year we had birthday dinners with candlelight, ice cream, and cake. On weekdays we had room check to see that everything was in order, and on Sundays, organ music at dinner. Before we knew it, December was here.

"White Christmas" . . . bright paper . . . sparkling colored lights . . . black tux and tulle ruffles . . . December 6th . . . the Christmas Dance. The I.R.S. members, who had spent hours using Mr. Snavely's paper cutter, climbing ladders, and selling bids, were pleased.

In the spring the I.R.S. was busy with new projects. The group sponsored Charm Week in March with talks in chapel and a fashion show. It made us realize that maybe we needed to be more fashion-wise, so we sported brighter lipsticks and new cottons.

The Salem I.R.S. tries hard to make us behave like ladies.

Charm Week makes us take a critical look at ourselves.

The May Day Dance, the last Salem dance of the year, was also sponsored by the I.R.S. For the Seniors it was a little sad because it meant the last dance of their school years. Dinner jackets . . . crisp organdy . . . soft lights . . . punch on the terrace . . . 11:35. May Day was almost over and graduation just ahead.

Along with the president, Elsie Macon, Ann Hughes helped as vice-president, Sarah Sue Tisdale as secretary, Jean Shope as treasurer, and Bessie Smith as reporter. Senior class representatives for the year were Jane Fearing and Anne Rhyne, and from the junior class were Alice McNeely and Ann Bondurant. Tinkie Millican, Roberta Brower, and Bobbie Kuss represented the sophomore class, while Marian Myers, Emily Howell, Jean Miller, and Nellie Anne Barrow were the new freshmen members.

. . . They represent Salem . . . and so does Elsie . . . Jean represents all of us after a big night . . .

Throughout the year the Y.W.C.A. attended to our needs supplying everything from food for the mind to food for the body. We met the "Y" first at the Orientation Party in Bitting and later in our best white summer dresses became members ourselves.

With that our work and pleasures had begun. There were Monday night cabinet meetings, "Y" retreats at Betty Hastings, Vesper services, W.S.S.F. Week, parties to plan, blotters to sell, and "Y" stores to supply. Marilyn Summey, our president, kept us organized.

In October, Dr. Forrell came for Religious Emphasis Week. We liked him especially for his views on early marriage, short engagements, and no Saturday classes.

The night of the foreign student's party we trooped down to Bitting to drink cokes, to sing, and to present our gifts to Guillamette, Hadwig, and Elizabeth.

At Christmas we gathered up our gifts, hopped into the station wagon and bus, and rode to the Negro orphanage for a party with the children. Ellen Bell was in charge of arrangements for the party and made sure that Santa would visit each child.

Dorm "Y" Watch came at the right time during the week. With rolled-up hair and creamed faces we gathered in our basements on Wednesday nights for a short devotional and songs.

Buses and cars take us to the annual Christmas party.

The Faculty-Student Spelling Bee surprisingly enough proved that the faculty could outspell the students. Poor Mr. Campbell missed a word that all freshmen know—antidisestablishmentarianism.

Sally Kerner kept pictures on the "Y" bulletin board at the foot of Main Hall steps. They looked mighty good to us as we staggered up the steps to our 8:30's.

Loma Faye had charge of Sunday night Vesper services. There were speakers and meetings in Strong or out on the campus in the spring. Exam teas by the lily pond gave to us tired students a place to rest and gripe. Cokes were sipped with. "Have you ever seen such a hard exam? Say, pass that box of cookies, will you?"

. . . President Marilyn conducts the meetings . . . Ann, Caimen, Ellen, and Loma Faye wrap orphanage presents . . . Alison conducts a "Y" Watch . . .





"The first Pierrette production this fall will be *Antigone* by Socrates," announced Fae Deaton, president of the group, to an eager chapel audience. And an even greater interest in the dramatic arts was displayed a few days later when try-outs were held. Roonie Barnes and Mr. Blair won out over the others and were selected to lead the class.

Under the able direction of Miss Reigner, **Pierrettes are successful with flats were painted, costumes were sewn, and a Greek play and an opera.** the play was rehearsed and rehearsed some more. Finally the big night arrived. Knowing the skill of Salem's drama group, the Winston-Salemites and the campus Salemites turned out "en masse" for the production.

The Freshmen were first introduced to the Pierrettes during Orientation Week. The group presented a skit entitled *Streetcar Named Desire* or *Train Named Beastly Passion*. Even those of us who had failed to see the movie laughed at the comic parody.

In November a new production was decided upon, an opera entitled *The Medium*. The Pierrettes pooled their ideas and went straight to work. Mrs. Starr was put in charge of the singing, Miss Reigner in charge of the acting, and Mr. Sandresky and Mr. Heidemann promised to play the pianos. The regular Pierrette group, with the stars, spent long hours perfecting the production. Their travail was obvious when *The Medium* was performed. To use a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expression, it was a "sensational extravaganza."

Once In a Lifetime by Kaufman and Hart was selected for the Pierrette's spring production. It was a satire on the first "talkie," and we laughed at it as hard as we had shed tears for *Antigone*.

Throughout the year, any of us who were interested in theater work enjoyed the opportunities given us to learn more. The Pierrettes held workshop classes in scene designing, set and costume designing and construction, lighting and sound, and the art of make-up.

After giving their spring production, the Pierrettes gave their leaders, Fae Deaton and Eleanor Johnson, a well deserved rest for a fine year's work.

. . . Scene, Winston-Salem, N. C., 1953
. . . Fae calls the meetings . . . Looks complicated, doesn't it? . . .



A familiar sight last fall was Woodrow, camera in hand, being led around campus by Jean. In spite of rainy weather, forgotten appointments, and changes in the dummy, the annual pictures were finally taken and the *SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS* staff relaxed.

But the work had just begun. Emma Sue, Anne, Faye, Elsie, Peggy, and Jane spent sleepless nights writing about everything that was to happen on campus. Business Manager Jeanne Harrison worked out budgets and schemed for money, and Ann Simpson made trip after futile trip *Annual staff writes, makes for ads, Lorrie and Willie spent hours typing trips, and corrects mistakes.* copy, while Miss Nicholson read and reread it.

Jean Davenport, Editor, worried and planned pictures, worried and rewrote copy, and worried. Finally, before exams everything was finished, and the staff settled down to wait.

. . . Left, Jean and Jeanne, business staff minus freshman members . . . Below, editorial staff . . .



At Salem, Friday meant two things: a big weekend and the distribution of the *Salemite*. Throughout the week the staffs, headed by Eleanor McGregor, worked, wrote, and wept in order to keep the students well informed about lectures, recitals, plays, and campus leaders. Associate editors, Peggy Chears and Anne Lowe, tried to keep pace with the untiring editor.

Jean Calhoun, managing editor, read proof and made assignments while Connie Murray and Eleanor Johnson tried to get capables to write "Of All Pictures, features, crossword puzzles mark our *Salemite*. Things."

The business staff made trips to get ads under the observant eye of Joan Shope, while twin Jean saw that the final product was circulated over campus.

Pictures, features, crossword puzzles, *Campus Shots* . . . this was our *Salemite*.

. . . Right, Eleanor and Faye, business staff . . . Below, editorial staff . . .







May Day nineteen hundred and fifty-two and the marshals served for the first time. White suits, gold regalia, and high heels, were their official costumes.

White suits, they thought, were pretty with the gold regalia, but we should have long white evening dresses for formal occasions. And get them they did . . . white organdy ones with tucks and tucks on the waist and more tucks on the skirts. "Sweet, lovely," and as Cynthia said, "Just the type I could use for bridesmaid dresses in my wedding this summer." All the dresses were alike, but two looked even more alike when the Shope twins wore them.

Marshals get organdy dresses with tucks and more tucks.

In the fall the first big night affair was the Jacobowsky recital. Then there was the night Alyea practically exploded an atom bomb on the stage, and of course, W. H. Auden's night. There were nights when the radiators clanged and Lu Long got frantic because the mike began to burr.

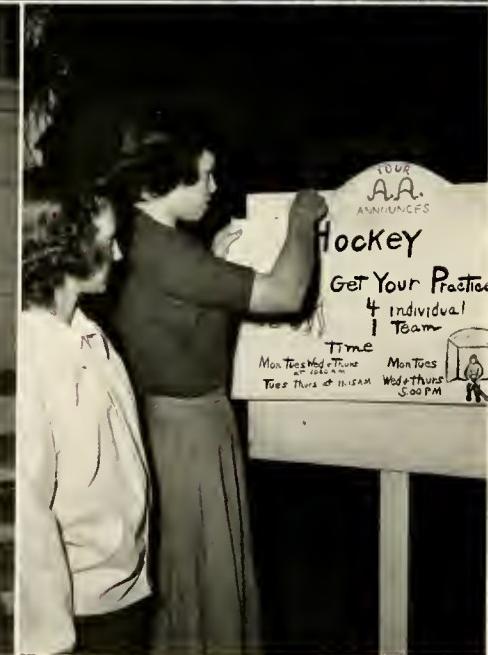
The composure of the marshals was tested when Alice almost tripped in the balcony; when there weren't enough robes at hat burning, and the marshals had to slip extra ones to the rising Seniors; when Alison couldn't get the spectator to stay in his seat; and when Mary Lou had trouble ushering.

So the marshals performed at May Day, at lectures, concerts, hat burning, and finally at graduation exercises. It was on graduation day that they wore their white dresses for the last time. That day they were the most excited and the saddest, because it was the last time they'd marshal for the Seniors who elected them.

Lu Long Ogburn was the chief marshal, and was often found mulling over chapel cards and walking down the chapel aisle with a handful of announcements. Mary Lou Whiteheart, Alison Britt, Alice McNeely, Cynthia May, and Jean and Joan Shope were the other marshals who were kept busy checking books, lights, and seating order; ushering; and keeping chapel quiet.

Extra robes are smuggled in by the marshals at hat burning.

. . . Joan and Jean Shope, Alison Britt, Alice McNeely, Cynthia May, Mary Lou Whiteheart . . . Chief Marshal Lu Long Ogburn . . . the usual scramble in assembly . . .



1953 was another year that went "all the way with the A.A." It was the year that Miss Margaret Chapman became the Athletic Association advisor. It was the year that the old advisor, Mrs. Moran, didn't come back, but the year the A.A. took over a new project—the role of godparents!

It was the year that saw nearly a hundred new Freshmen orientated to the A.A. through Emma Sue's speech and her "Accent On Athletics" books, and there was also the A.A. picnic during Orientation Week.

It was the year that witnessed a great hockey season led by Sally Anne and Marlene with the same old bruises and the same Yankees marching through the South on the hockey field.

It was the year of pep rallies that opened the three big seasons of hockey, basketball, and softball. The classes gave yells led by their cheer leaders. There was a prize for the best stunt and fun and sore throats for all.

It was the year of Play Days with W.C., Meredith, High Point, G.C. and Guilford. It was the first year in years that Salem was invited to a Play Day, but it wasn't the first year Salem's varsities made a good showing and let other colleges know that our Salem teams were as "Strong as Thy walls."

It was the year the A.A. gave chapel programs, mailed Christmas cards to the student body, sold Salem blazers, sponsored the tennis, golf, ping pong, badminton and archery tournaments. And it was the year that Jane Carolyn took a sudden interest in golf.

It was the year that came to a close with the annual A.A. banquet which featured food and awards, team champions and poetry, and fun for the whole student body.

It was the year Emma Sue Larkins was president, Jeanne Harrison was vice-president, Allison Long was secretary, and Anne Merritt was treasurer.

1953 was the year that again, "The A.A. Went All the Way!"

*A.A. takes over a new project
in the role of godparents.*

*Play Days prove that Salem's
teams are as strong as her walls.*

. . . You'd better get a size larger just in case . . . Head lady, Emma Sue Larkins . . . Lucy Harris and Allison Long . . . How many times has her leg been broken? . . .



. . . Jean, Emma Sue, Betty, Anne, Allison, Mac, Jeanne, Fae, Carolyn . . .

An auxiliary of the Athletic Association, the Monogram Club managed the publicity for the A.A. This included making announcements in chapel, decorating bulletin boards, drawing posters, and keeping the student body informed on all A.A. activities and achievements.

The Monogrammers are the girls which have been outstanding in sports at Salem. Despite the long trek down to the gym, the cold winds of the hockey field, and golf blisters, these girls have managed to make twenty-five points or more.

Jean Calhoun, chairman of the club, represented the Monogrammers on the A.A. Council. When the A.A. needed men athletes to sway the girls into becoming athletic, Jean and the club were responsible for the publicity.

Calling W.C. and other female academies, publicizing the Play Days, announcing the swimming meet, shivering in bathing suits, and pestering Anne Merritt for money, made the year complete.

The B.A.O.C. (Big Athletes on Campus) are: Jean Calhoun, Jeanne Harrison, Carolyn Dobson, Emma Sue Larkins, Marian Lewis, Fae Deaton, Allison Long, and Betty McGlaughon.

***The Monogram Club endures
chapped faces and tired legs.***



May Day at Salem seems a traditional festivity to us. But it is a comparatively recent activity.

Simple pageants were sponsored by various organizations, until in 1927 the Order of the Scorpion adopted the project. That year Bessie Clark waved her magic sceptre in the May Dell and was Salem's first Queen of the May. The special natural stage for May Day was landscaped in the summer of 1928, a letter from Mrs. Rondthaler reveals.

There was no money allotted from the student budget in those days, but a variety of money-making projects were sponsored. The most notable of these were furniture auctions, a taxi company of school cars, and the sale of food called the "Wee Blew Inn,"

begun when the May Day Committee was organized in 1932.

Lack of money for May Day necessitated projects for years.

Each year a colorful and interesting pageant is presented, over which reigns the queen and her attendants. With the faculty, parents, children, and alumnae, we flock to the May Dell to see it transformed into a wonderland of music and beauty.



. . . the oh so popular Miss Jennie Wolfe,
1927 . . .





We Waited Eagerly

The May Dell was filled with people, awaiting with eagerness the beginning of the annual May Day pageant. It was almost five o'clock. Jo sat on the edge of her seat, wondering fratically if everyone would remember her part. As she waited for the pageant to begin, she couldn't help but think back on the months of preparation which would be over in a short hour's time.

First had come the idea of a theme; it had been an easy one to work with. Fae Deaton, chief choreographer, spent many an hour going through the actions of "step-close-step-hop." In October the elections of Queen, Maid of Honor, and court took place, and before Christmas, Faye Lee, Myra, and Elsie had the dresses for the May Court selected.

After Christmas the real work started, and the first draft of the script was written. Willie, as treasurer, began saying "no" to extravagant ideas; vice-chairman, Anne Lowe, saw that the rain-checks were printed and distributed, as well as acted as general "overseer." Martha and Ellen displayed needle pricked fingers, while Julia and Peggy complained of their headaches acquired while choosing appropriate music. Many trips to the florist were made by Norma and Carmen, and Mac took care of the programs. The two Jeans—Davenport and Harrison—managed to get quite a lot of publicity for the occasion, and Eleanor Johnson directed and criticized.

The clock struck five; the music began. The dancers never missed a step; the court was breath-taking. It all seemed to go so fast. As the court and cast made a final bow, Jo breathed a sigh of relief. It was all over now, and she wanted to say to each person who had taken part, "Thanks for a job well done."

. . . Peggy, Ellen, Martha, Norma, Mac,
Carmen, Julia took over costumes and
music . . . Jo Bell runs the show . . .
What a pretty dress . . . Anne, Willie,
Elsie, Myra, Faye . . .



MISS ANN HUGHES
MAY QUEEN



MISS PEGGYAN ALDERMAN
MAID of HONOR

The May Court, 1953

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CLAIRE CHESNUT
Jacksonville, Fla.

JANE CAROLYN FEARING
Statesville

NANCY FLORENCE
Chevy Chase, Md.

ANN HELSABECK
King





The May Court, 1953

BARBARA KUSS

Allentown, Pa.

LU LONG OGBURN

Smithfield

GUILLEMETTE ROUSSEL

France

SARA SUE TISDALE

New Bern

HELEN CAROLE WATKINS

Hartsville, S. C.

MARY JOYCE WILSON

Rural Hall

Alma Mater

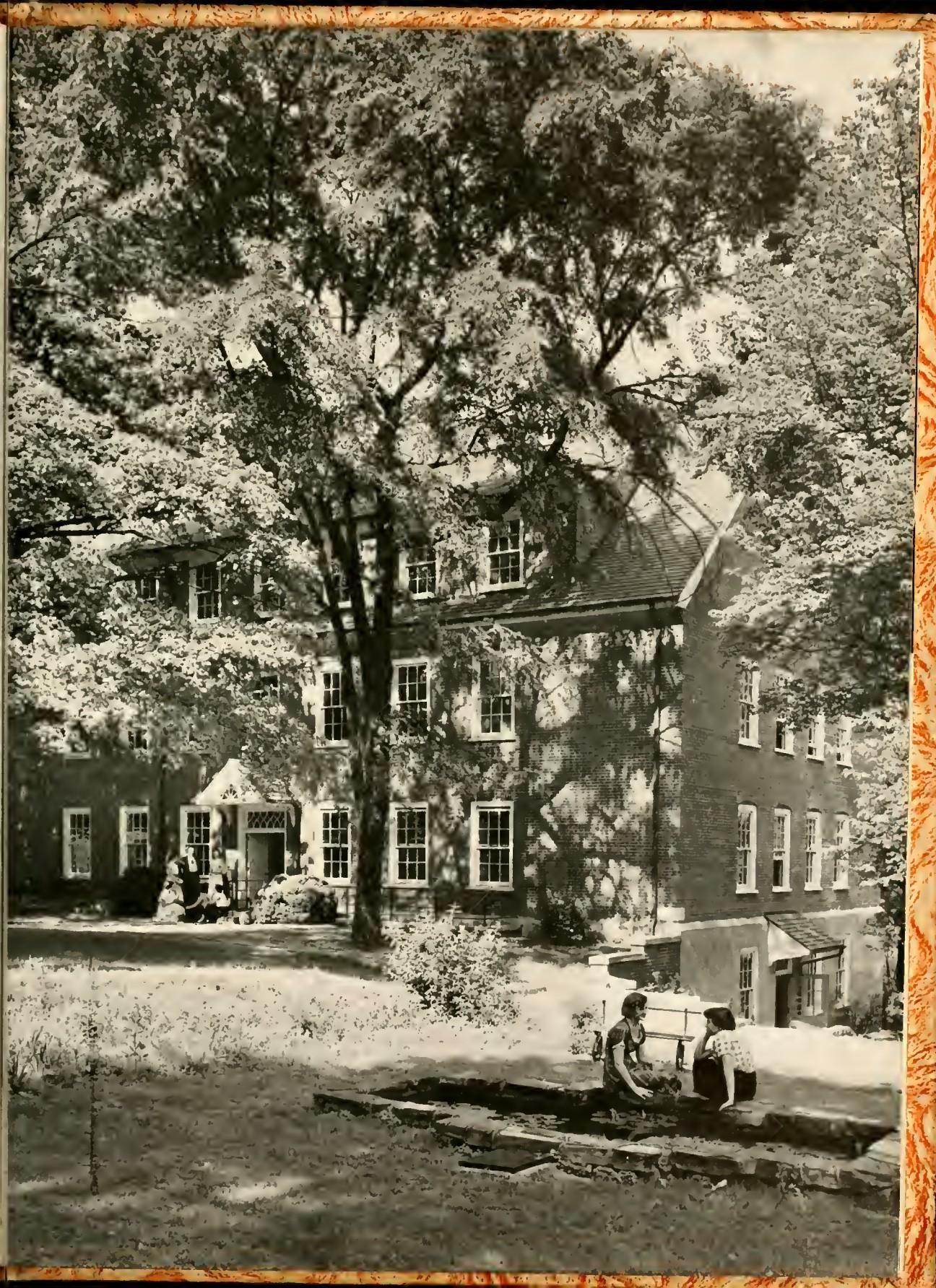
Strong are thy walls, oh Salem,
Thy virgin trees stand tall,
And far athwart the sunlit hills
Their stately shadows fall.

Firm is thy faith, oh Salem,
Thy future service sure,
The beauty of thy heritage
Forever shall endure.

True is our love, oh Salem,
Thy name we proudly own,
The joy of comradeship is here,
Thy spirit makes us one.

Chorus:

Then sing we of Salem ever,
As proudly her name we bear,
Long may our praise re-echo,
Far may our song ring clear.





We Worked and We Played

Another year has passed at Salem. A new class has come, and an old class has gone. To the Freshmen it was a new experience and to the Seniors, a familiar one and a last look at Salem.

Fall was a time for fun. We took long weekends and went to football games. During the week we were awakened by the clicking of heels as the practice teachers ran to their seven-thirty breakfast. We pulled out our cashmere sweaters and wool skirts and planned more weekend fun.

Christmas was almost here now and this was the busiest time of all. We longed for a happy holiday at home, but Christmas at Salem was *Dances, gifts, and argyles keep us busy before Christmas.* something special too.

The I.R.S. gave a Candy Cane Dance, and there was the Christmas Putz at Brother's House. We hurried to the Book Store for silver paper, cards, and gifts. Everywhere needles clicked on that last argyle.

When we returned to Salem, exams were near, and yellow pads, books, and pencils were everywhere. Russell lightened our spirits with a big Kitchen Party, and the Deans gave a Coffee on Reading Day.

In February we sent comic valentines and longed for warm weather. When it finally came, sweaters and skirts were stored in moth balls, and we went on a shopping spree for new spring cottons.

May was here at last with the May Day *The pool is the most popular Pageant and dance.* We started concentrating *spot of all in the spring.* on a suntan and took long swims in the pool, played tennis, and lived in shorts.

Soon exams were here again. The Seniors sang at dinner and we started packing to leave Salem for the summer. Some of us were leaving for the last time. We shouted goodbyes and all agreed that this had been the best year of all. Another year had passed at Salem.

. . . There must be a way . . . the Home Ec. Club outdid themselves . . . lasses renowned for beauty . . .

As you turn this, the last page of *SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS*, it is our hope that you have become deeply conscious of the heritage of Salem College; that you have caught a glimpse of the ideals and toil that have made Salem what it is; and that you have seen the Salem Girl of all times as well as of today—how we act, the things we do, and the way we feel and think.

Salem College is dear to us. It is “our” school and we like to live here. We like the friendly atmosphere in which all of us come to know each other well, faculty and students alike. We like the freedom we have in which to think and to express ourselves freely in class and out, and we like the way in which we are treated as adults, even though our behavior is sometimes childish.

And we are grateful. Grateful because Salem College emphasizes universal truths rather than mere practical truths; because it provides Christian values as a direction for our knowledge; and because it tries to equip us to live with ourselves as well as in the society of which we are a part.

Salem has indeed changed in appearance, but its interpretation of education has remained the same. Of this, we, the students of Salem, are the inheritors, and our ancestors at Salem, the beneficiaries.





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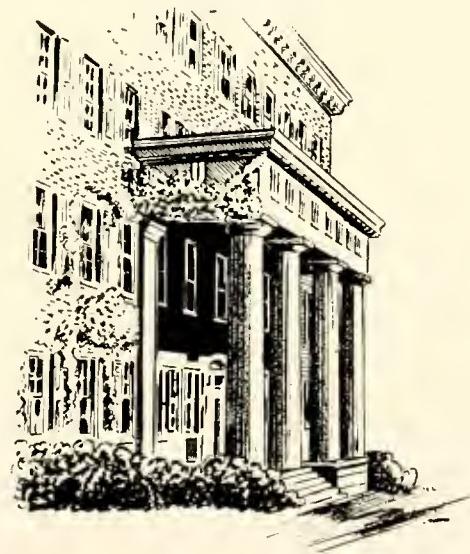
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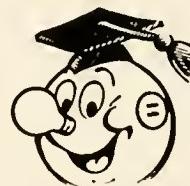


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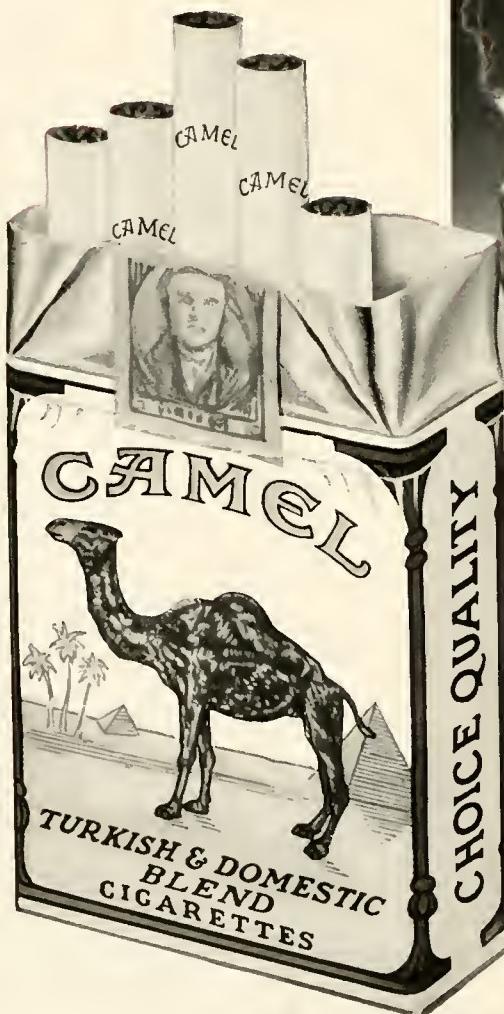
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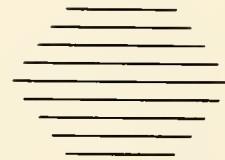
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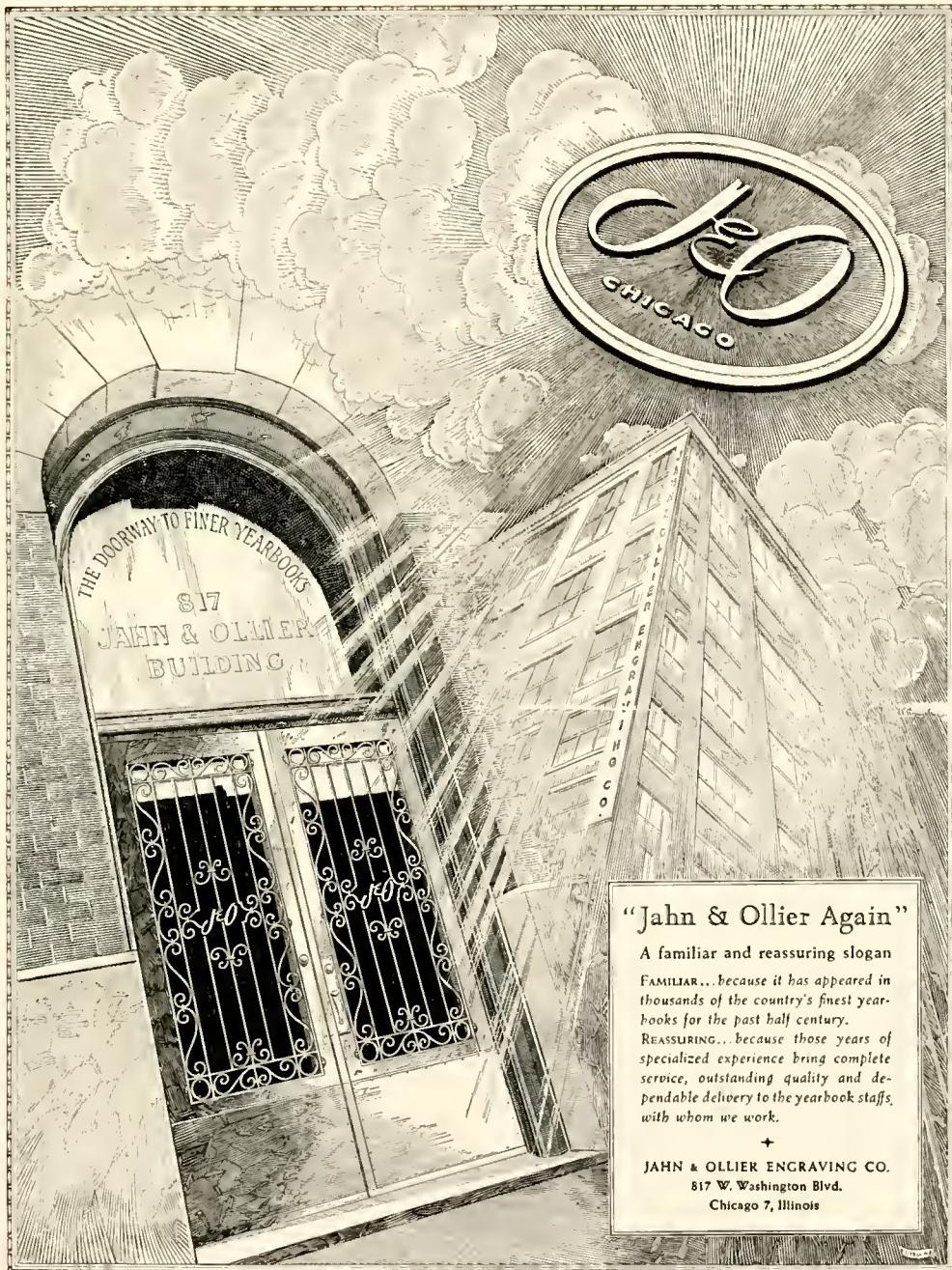
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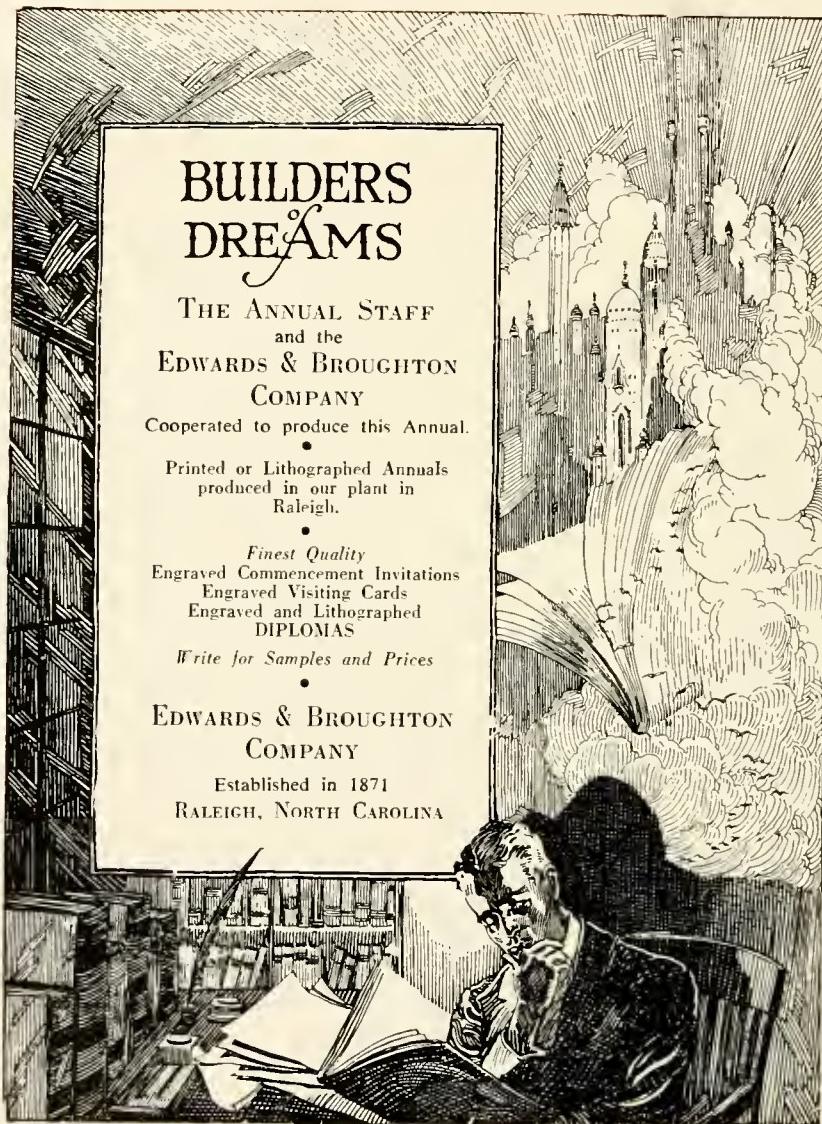
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